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The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

VOL. I. WATERVILLE, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1913. No. 6.

Published monthly, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, and the Maine Catholic Historical Society

Subscription Price . . . . . $1.00 Per Year

Entered as second-class matter July 16, 1913, at the post office at Waterville, Maine under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Venite Adoremus

O little Babe of Bethlehem,
How beautiful Thou art,
Low nestling in Thy slumber sweet
Close to Thy mother's heart,
While round Thy cradle shineth
The everlasting light,
The promise of eternal years
Fulfilled in Thee tonight.

Hark! Angel bands together
Proclaim Thy holy birth,
Thy praises sing, O Infant King,
And peace to men on earth.
Born of Thy virgin mother
That maid of wondrous love,
Than whom there is no other
So pure, save God above.

How silently, how gently
Thy sacred Presence given
To lowly, humble, human hearts
Brings blessings from high heaven.
No ear has heard Thy coming
To this dark world of sin,—
A cave with cattle for Thy bed
And no room at the inn.

O hearts all pure and happy
That love this holy child,
Come bend the knee and worship Him,
Son of our Lady mild.
And hearken to the anthem
Adoring angels swell:
"Venite adoremus"
Our Christ, Emmanuel.

"Lyria."

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,

PORTLAND, Dec. 20, 1913.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

ANNUAL REPORT.

You are respectfully urged to make out the Annual Report very carefully, to follow the printed headings, and to make letters and figures clearly.

The diagrams for Church property are to be filled in this year only for land acquired or buildings put up since the last report. Arrears in collections, Clergy Fund, Seminary tuition or Diocesan loans are to be paid in on or before December 31. All the questions on the various pages are to be answered carefully.

The Census Card is the only authorized Diocesan Census, and the figures are to be taken from Baptismal Register or the Parish Census Book, and ought to be as nearly accurate as possible.

The totals in all columns in the financial and other data, and also on the Census Card, are to be made up by the Rector. The Report on pages five and six, which should be an exact copy of the official Parish Account Book, is to be read to the people at all the Masses on one Sunday in January, and this fact is to be attested by two laymen of good standing in the Parish.

Where there are several distinct Missions in one Parish, a separate blank, or at least a separate section, should be used for each Church, and all money received from or expended on Mission Churches, whether permanent or simply Summer Missions, is to be given in the Report.

PERMANENT FUNDS.

When a Fund is left by legacy or otherwise to a Church, School, Cemetery or other distinct purpose, justice demands that the revenue only of the Fund should be used,—hence the Fund itself should be placed among the assets of the Parish, and the revenue among the annual receipts. The laws of the Church so require, unless special written permission to do otherwise has been obtained from the Bishop of the Diocese.

You are respectfully requested to state in this Report what, if any, such Funds have been received and how at present these are invested.

CEMETERY ACCOUNT.

The Cemetery Account of receipts and expenditures is to be given entirely apart in its own column on pages five and six, and is not to be included in the Totals of the Parish Report.

SOLEMN PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING AND ADORATION.

To carry out the spirit of the Church and also to foster devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament, so much desired by Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, a Holy Hour of Adoration will take place in all the Parish Churches of the Diocese on the last day of this year, Wednesday, December 31. In the cities the exercises will be from 7.30 to 8.30 P. M., in the country districts at some convenient hour in the afternoon. The Blessed Sacrament will be solemnly exposed, some prayers of thanksgiving, expiation and petition will be read or an instruction will be given. During the last quarter of the hour the Te Deum will be chanted, "if possible in Latin," and the exercises will close with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. One of the objects of this Holy Hour will be an act of expiation for the insults offered to God, to the Holy Name and to the Church.

THE HOLY NAME SUNDAY.

On Sunday, January 18, the Reverend Pastors are instructed to have a reunion of the men of their Parish in the Church, during the afternoon or evening. A special sermon on this great Festival is to be preached and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is to be given. Where there are two or more Parishes in one city, a short parade of the men, without any insignia excepting badges of the Holy Name Society, is strongly urged.

The important part of this Festival is to bring out the Catholic ideals of manhood in the private life, in the home, in societies, and in all civic and all public official duties, to show the danger of secret non-catholic societies, and to warn the faithful against societies that do not obey the law and spirit of the Church.

In connection with this important question of Societies, it is well to recall that Rectors and all Priests in and of this Diocese are not to act as Chaplain or to take any part in the organization or meetings of any Society, which has not the written approval of the Ordinary of the Diocese in its general Constitution or local rules and laws, and that Chaplains are not to be elected by Societies but are to be appointed by Diocesan authority.

FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception is the Patronal Feast of the Church in the United States, and of the Diocese of Portland. It is our desire to have all the Catholic women of the Diocese meet in their respective Churches on this Festival to honor the Blessed Mother and to strengthen the true ideals of Catholic womanhood. Receptions into Confraternities and First Holy Communion for children would be most appropriate on this festival.

By the special decree of the Holy See, July, 1911, whenever a feast of precept, for instance the feast of the Circumcision or the feast of the Immaculate Conception, falls on Friday or any other day which is a day of fasting or abstinence by general law, all the faithful are exempt from fasting and abstinence, and the same exemption is extended to Patronal Feasts, on the condition however that Patronal Feast is solemnly celebrated on the day itself.

DISPENSATIONS.

Applications for Dispensations are to be made out on the blank forms of the Chancery Office and must be signed by the Rector. All applications for Dispensations are to be made as far as possible three weeks, and at the very least one week, before they are to be used, and are not to be requested by telegraph or telephone.

The promises in case of Mixtae Religionis and Disparitatis Cultus are also to be signed on Chancery Forms. The safeguards, required by the Church in these cases, are now frequently of no value, hence dispensation possibly invalid, because sufficient effort has not been made to deter the Catholic party, or to instruct the non-Catholic in the meaning of the promises. Wherefore, on and after January 1, 1913, no dispensation will be granted, unless the non-Catholic party has come in person and taken from the priest "bona fide" instruction on the essential truths of the Catholic faith and the exact meaning of the promises. The future and dignity of the Catholic home demand every posible care, and "conscientia confessariorum et Rectorum in hac re onerata est."

Marriage with or at a Mass is the only Catholic ideal, and the Rev. Rectors are earnestly urged to secure this practice "quam primum."

All marriage cases touching the question "of the validity of the marriage tie" are to be made out in a clear, brief form of statement, and all the documents concerning the Baptism of either party, previous marriage, civil divorce, death or other necessary facts must be signed by the proper person, under oath, in the presence of a Justice or Notary and with his seal, in order to have any Canonical value.

SPECIAL DECREE.

The Holy See, by the "Sacred Congregation of Religions," in Decrees of Feb. 3 and Aug. 5, 1913, has made several new regulations in regard to the "Confession of Religious" and the priests will find it necessary to study these decrees, especially the Rectors, who have Convents or "Religious Communities" in their parishes or cities.

The Holy See, by special decree of Oct. 23, 1913, has made several new, important changes in the Divine Office, and the "Sacred Congregation of Rites" has applied and explained them, for the Breviary and Holy Mass, in a decree of Oct. 28, 1913, which it will be necessary for priests to study, and follow not later than Jan. 1, 1915, but may be used after Jan. 1, 1914.

FACULTIES.

All the Priests of the Diocese who have subscribed to the new oath are hereby granted all Faculties hitherto possessed. The privilege of Binatio, which is personal and must be based upon good Canonical reasons "ex necessitate vel magna utilitate," is hereby granted until January 1, 1915.

All Priests working in the Diocese but not Canonically aggregated thereto, will write a personal letter to the Rt. Rev. Bishop and the faculties will be granted only by an official reply to their application, and for one year.

All Confessors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, for Religious Communities and Institutions, will be notified by special official letter on or before Jan. 1, for the term ending Jan. 1, 1917.

GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

To maintain strengthen and expand the Church is the sacred duty of all priests, and the Apostolic mission is ever the same: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." The multitude of non-Christians and those who are not affiliated to any Church must bring sad thoughts and ought to stir our zeal.

The Italians, Poles, Slaves, Lithuanians are scattered in all parts and often change residence to secure work. The Rev.

Pastors are well aware of the danger to their faith by isolation, by contact and perhaps marriage with unbaptized and non-Catholic people, and are urged to give or to obtain for them all the blessings of instruction, Holy Mass and the Sacraments.

Where it is possible, a priest, who speaks their language, should be invited two or three times a year to visit them for this purpose, and thus keep them faithful to their religion and Church.

CONFIRMATION.

The Sacrament of Confirmation is not to be given before the age of ten completed, nor later than the age of twelve, hence should be administered at least once every three years, in every Parish, and once a year in all the larger Parishes.

The Rectors of Churches where Confirmation is to be given during the year 1914 will please send in their application with the Report, stating their preference of the months of May, June, September and October.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE CLERGY.

The Conference of the Clergy of the Portland District and all south of Waterville will be held in Kavanaugh School Hall, Portland, on Tuesday, May 12, 1914, at 2 P. M.; for the Priests of Waterville and north to Houlton, at St. Mary's School Hall, Bangor, on Wednesday, May 13, at 2 P. M.; for the Madawaska District at St. Mary's College, Van Buren, on Wednesday, June 10, 1914, at 2 P. M. No Priest is exempt from the Conference without special written permission from the Ordinary.

EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR THE SEMINARY.

This Examination will take place at the Catholic Institute, 100 Free Street, Portland, on Tuesday, July 7, 1914, at 9 A. M. All candidates must have made a regular College Course in the Classics, send in an application to the Right Reverend Bishop not later than June 29th, send or bring from their Rev. Pastors and College President an exact statement of the time and study in school and college.

The examination will include Latin, Greek, English, French and the ordinary Mathematics of College.

The Reverend Pastors are again urgently requested to foster vocations in good young men born in the State and Diocese, and to have them make their College course where the curriculum prepares them to enter the Seminaries of the U. S.

All candidates hereafter are to present themselves at the close

of their Rhetoric year, in order to begin Philosophy and their ecclesiastical training in a regular Seminary.

EXAMINATION OF JUNIOR CLERGY.

All priests ordained since the year 1904, who have not satisfactorily passed five annual examinations, will be called to the Canonical Examination on Wednesday, November 11, 1914, 9 A. M., at the Catholic Institute, 100 Free Street, Portland.

The subject matter will be:—

1. De Verbi Incarnatione et de Christo Redemptore.
2. De Actibus humanis, de Justitia et Jure.
3. De Sacramentis in genere: de Poenitentia.
4. Council of Baltimore on Catholic Schools, Societies and Newspapers.
5. Diocesan Statutes.
6. Holy Scripture: the Gospels.

The examinations will be written and oral, and must be satisfactory to the examiners.

With all Apostolic blessings to Priests and people at the close of the year and the opening of the New Year.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

Diocesan Events

November, 1913

2. Sunday: Vespers of the Dead at the Cathedral, sermon by the Bishop.

3. Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for deceased friends and benefactors of the Holy Souls' Society.

5. Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the deceased Bishops and priests of the Diocese, and deceased members of the Clergy Fund Society.

7. Visit to Bangor and Oldtown.
Rev. J. J. Gibbons, of Providence Diocese, assigned to duty in Portland.

8. Hon. James Cunningham of Portland, a resident from 1863 to 1913, died at noon.

11. Funeral of late James Cunningham, Mass by Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. C. McDonough, V. G., and sermon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.
Property, brick house and land on Locust Street, Portland, bought to protect and increase school or other institutional interests. Property in Limerick, Me., bought for future Church.

13. Rev. M. C. Clary appointed administrator (temporarily) of St. Joseph's parish, Oldtown, Rev. J. A. Farley transferred from Kingman to new parish of Lubec, Rev. James Rice appointed Rector of Kingman, Rev. Joseph Sullivan apointed assistant at the Cathedral, Portland.

14. Rt. Rev. Austin Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Des Moines came to visit the Bishop of Portland.

16. Sunday: Rt. Rev. Bishop blessed the new or rebuilt schoolhouse and Chapel of Notre Dame at Waterville, returned to Portland in the evening.

18. Blessing of the new "Stations of the Cross" and Statute of the Sacred Heart of Mary in the Chapel of the Cathedral, the renovation being now completed.

18. Canonical Examination of the Junior Priests at the Catholic Institute, Portland, sixteen present.

20. Transferred to the City of Bangor the title of former schoolhouse property on Newbury Street, Bangor, it being no longer needed for parish or Diocesan purposes.

23. Sunday: Visit to Kennebunkport.

25. Rt. Rev. Bishop attended the reunion of the Alumni of St. Sulpice Seminary of Paris, held at Springfield, Mass.

27. Thanksgiving Day: Mass in the Cathedral at 8 A. M., and short instruction by the Bishop.
Blessing of Chapel at the Sisters of Charity Hospital at Waterville by Fr. Kealy.

29. Novena opened at 7.30 P. M. in the Cathedral to prepare for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Patronal Feast of the Cathedral and of the Diocese.
Visit to Lewiston.

30. Rt. Rev. Bishop preached at St. Dominic's Church at two Masses.
Confirmation at the Sacred Heart Church in Portland, 3.30 P. M.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Ring out, sweet bells, your message to the world,
Ring peace and love this happy Christmas morn;
Let every Christian banner be unfurled,
For in the cave of Bethlehem Christ was born.
As gentle shepherds watched their flocks by night
Beneath the azure dome of Syrian skies,
Bright angels radiant as the sun's own light
Appeared intoning hymns of paradise!

"Let peace be spread throughout the kindling land,
For lo, the Prince has come unto His own."
The lion walked beside the gentle lamb
And guilty Herod trembled on his throne.
Ring out, sweet bells, that all the world may know
How great the love our Infant Saviour brings;
And softly peal to hearts, now veiled in woe,
The notes your joyful prayer of Christmas rings.

(T. C. T. A.)

December Devotions

The last month of the year is dominated by a spirit of preparation leading to the greatest of all feasts—Christmas.

The holy Advent Season with its one great holiday of obligation, the feast of the Immaculate Conception has been outlined with great care on the part of Holy Mother Church and has been designated and sanctioned by her as a time of preparation for the crowning feast of the year, the Nativity of Christ.

The definite date for this feast was not fixed in the Eastern world until the close of the fourth century; but in the so called Western part, Europe and parts of Asia and Africa adjoining, the 25th of December had been observed.

After the Ascension of our Lord, Christians tried in every way to honor the great holy day of His birth. Some of the beautiful customs that have obtained in many European countries date back to the early Christian ideas and ideals. The manner of observing Advent varied, however, in different parts of the world. In Rome and places nearby prayer and fasting were observed at an earlier period than elsewhere; also the feasts of Advent were of practically greater devotion.

There still remains some difference in the actual number of days in this solemn season. According to the Latin Rite, Advent begins on the Sunday nearest the feast of Saint Andrew, and ends on Christmas eve. In the Greek Rite of the Catholic Church, Advent begins on the fortieth day before Christmas eve, while those following the Ambrosian Liturgy, keep six weeks of anticipation and devout longing for the approach of the Messiah's birth—the significant accomplishment of the Word.

Each of the four weeks of Advent, as observed in the Western world, represents a cycle of a thousand years, in which the world longed and sighed for the Redeemer. "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour."

The beautiful mystery of Advent constitutes its attractive feature and the main phase of its devotion—the mystery of the Incarnation—the coming of Christ to be accomplished in a threefold sense. First, as the Babe of Bethlehem, in the flesh; "In the womb, before the daystar I begot thee." Secondly, in the soul: "If we love Him He will come unto us and will take up His abode with us."

The third or final coming is not yet accomplished; uncertain as to time but positive as a fact. "Christ will come again with majesty to judge all men."

H. I. A.

The Need of the Hour

The so-called Social Emergency that day after day is flaunted before us in so many unlovely forms, appears in new aspects from time to time bearing data which may not be ignored.

Nevertheless, in the discussion of these aspects or phases of emergency, facts are missing thereby rendering null and void, solutions which appear sufficient to a distorted vision.

One of these subjects is the sex problem or the cry for the study of eugenics. On this matter an excellent discourse "The Catholic Church and the Sex Problem" was recently delivered before an educational assembly by Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S. J. of Woodstock College, Md.

In his noteworthy and forcible argument, Father Tierney says: "The question of sex hygiene is not merely pedagogical, nor yet one that affects temporal interests only, such as the health of the individual and the present welfare of the family and state. Though, it does not neglect these, still it reaches beyond them and has its chief concern with the eternal destiny of man, the fate of his immortal soul. Man's temporal and eternal interests are involved in this problem. Hence its unique importance. Is it too much to say that insistence on hygiene will be altogether ineffective for the preservation of chastity? Not only will the detailed teaching of hygiene prove ineffective of the very noble purpose in view, but it will even thwart that purpose. The detailed teaching of sex hygiene—especially if it be done through book and chart, will make a strong impression on the young imagination. Sensuous images will crowd the faculty as bats crowd a deserted house.

"Nor is this all. For obvious reasons, this instruction is apt to put forward by some years the time of suggestion and temptation.

"Safety lies in diverting their attention from them. In truth the safety of most adults, trained though they are, depends largely on the same process. A moment's reflection will convince the thoughtful that even physiology supports this contention.

"Two of the great natural protections of our children are modesty and shame; not prudery, but healthy and healthful shame. Both are sniffed at as an outgrowth of dogma and superstition. They are neither one nor the other. They are an instinct of nature. This is especially true of the latter, which is seen in children before they reach the age of reason. Modesty and shame, then, are natural protectors of chastity, but the

public and frequent discussion of sex details will destroy both.

"Familarity will breed carelessness. The lesson of the class will become the topic of conversation. Reserve will go. Shame will disappear. Sin will follow. The more I ponder the means advocated to combat the social evil, the stronger grows my conviction that this whole movement will eventually fail of its high purpose. Successful housebuilding does not begin high in the air at the steeple-top. It begins in the ground. Therein are laid firm and fast foundations which ultimately support the tower. Chastity is the tower. Deep down in the soul must be placed foundations for its support. Such foundations are self-control, self-sacrifice, obedience to conscience and external authority, modesty, love of purity, respect for self and others, high reverence for motherhood and all the traits which combine to make a sweet, noble, strong character.

"Not long since, a doctor who has given lectures on sex hygiene in one of our western states, spoke to me of her work. No one could have been more earnest. Yet she insisted on two points—the difficulty of getting suitable instructors (an item worthy of consideration) and the futility of sex instruction which is not supported by an appeal to God and prayer. As far as she could see, the boys and girls got profit through that alone; unfortunately her appeal to the religious sentiment raised so strong a protest that it had to be discontinued. Will the same not happen if this saving element is introduced into lectures? And if such an element is not introduced, will lectures be fruitful of good or evil?

"Be convinced that religion alone will be of lasting benefit in this campaign. *God*, not hygiene, *is the supreme need of the hour*. In talks to children eliminate sex hygiene; cast aside text book and chart. Train the children's character. Teach them that purity is noble and possible; that vice is vile and carries with it punishment; that marriage is inviolable; that the family is sacred.

"The boys—teach them that their bodies are vessels of honor; train them from their early years to reverence womankind, to fall down in veneration before motherhood.

"The girls—teach them reserve, modesty in manner and dress; tell them that in them, in their purity and self-sacrifice lies the hope of our beloved nation. Purge the press, cleanse the novels, elevate the theatre, abolish animal dances, frown on coeducation of our young men and women."

Here we have summed up the remedies for existing evils. Now, who can apply these remedies with profit? The Catholic Church alone has done it in the past, will continue to do it in the future. As the appointed Teacher of Truth and Morals the world is elevated and drawn from the mire of evil by her ministrations. She is the arm of God supporting frail humanity. No

discussion, no argument, no mere theory can accomplish the development of the spiritual life—for it is the work of God and God's appointed Church,

"Who is like God?" The warcry of heaven, let it ring again as the warcry of earth. For social unrest, social evils, social emergencies have existed and will continue to exist because human creatures have set God aside. They have eliminated the Creator and are seeking to stand alone, tottering feebly on unsteady feet. Too late, we fear, comes home to many the lesson of the past *"without God—nothing."* W. R.

THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ROME.

As rises Teneriffe above
  The restless ocean's moan,
So looms above earth's chance and change,
  The ancient Church of Rome.

Majestic 'gainst the sunset sky
  The Titan mountain stands,
Frowning while ocean giants die
  Upon its foaming sands.

So bold against the lurid past,
  Yet stands the Church of Rome,
Unchanged when all is changing fast—
  The storm-tossed pilgrim's home.

O'erwhelmed by the barbarian hosts
  The Eternal City fell,
But laid on her rude conquerors
  The magic of her spell.

Thus facing countless future years
  And ages yet unborn,
Rome rises o'er all haunting fears
  And dreads no coming storm.

(Selected.)

Manaskan

An Indian Tale of Maine

(Denis Darcy.)

CHAPTER III.

Indian Festivities.

Seated in half circles, here and there on the soft grassy hillside, the Indians listened with earnest attention to the words of the holy missionary. If faith required of man only conviction of the mind there would have been a complete victory, but the good priest found his teachings held in check by the powerful chains of the passions, superstitions, habits and intense aversion that the Indian has for everything that is new. They readily admitted that he was right; but as to adopting his teaching, many of the older ones were stubborn and would say "That is good for those who live beyond the great lake." They plied him with questions as to the sun, the moon, the strange outline on the moon's face, the size of the earth, about the ocean and the tides. They wished to know whether there was not some spot where sky and earth met, whether heaven was solid, and so to no end they continued.

The missionary endeavored to reply by confining his explanations to their understanding, and they wondered, greatly admiring his answers. Gradually he raised their minds from creatures to the Creator, refuted their absurd traditions in which they ascribed the origin of the world to a mythical animal. He led them to understand that the sun was not a God, or endowed with life, but since they thought it so beautiful they should know how much more beautiful was the Lord who made it. He showed them that their Medicine men were demons of evil by pretending to be the preservers of life. And here he felt his apostolic ministry was not in vain. The Almighty Father of the tribe was already choosing His elect among them; a large number of children were baptized, and the vast majority of the adults became docile to the call of grace and sought the regenerating waters. The sick, especially, were consoled and comforted by the Holy Sacraments.

Many, many years before, several good missionaries had spent months among this tribe, but it was so far back and the Indians were so given to wandering, that scarcely a half dozen

families, who had received the Faith were living on the Island when Jacques Harfleur made his home on its rocky shore.

But these early missionaries did not depart from the beautiful spot without leaving behind them a token of their presence—a mark, as it were, that they had taken possession of the land in the name of our Holy Redeemer. They raised a tall cross on the hillside, crowning the glory of ocean and upland with the sacred sign of salvation.

After the duty of instructing, baptizing and purifying had been fulfilled, the Indians wished to treat with the good Father and they slowly departed to prepare for the solemn occasion.

The missionary's only comfort was to retire to a little rustic oratory which he had constructed of pine boughs, a short distance from the cabin. Hither he repaired to converse with his God at the foot of a large cross, which he cut in the bark of a tree. Meditating and praying aloud, he abandoned himself to a holy fervor, offering himself again and again to be immolated to the good pleasure of God, for the salvation of the tribe.

After some hours he heard fearful yells which almost froze the blood in his veins, and then a strange cry, which later he found to be the warwhoop, resounding from all sides. Down from hills, up from the shore, unexpectedly issuing from ravines, came numerous zigzag lines of warriors, squaws and children, all dressed for the war dance. Their bodies were hideously streaked with bright colored juices of berries, feathers and beaded bands on their heads, bows or tomahawks in their hands, they made a weird, appalling spectacle as they approached.

Two of the men advanced and planted two poles in the middle of the space before the cabin, a cord was tied around them and on it hung a wampum belt, representing their word or pledge. The Indian files gradually fell into one sinuous line, and all began to dance, slowly winding into a circle around the poles. They did not join hands nor even touch one another, but each dancer simply went through certain motions or gesticulations, meanwhile chanting a wierd monotonous strain, getting faster and faster with song and step until all seemed worked into a sort of frenzy. At the point where they appeared to have reached the highest pitch of excitement, suddenly all stopped and seated themselves on the ground. Then Kiomo, one of the elders of the tribe, known among them as Chief One Feather, arose and took his place before them facing the missionary. He seemed to be accustomed to his duty and discharged it with a dignity that savored nothing of barbarism. He readily explained the meaning of the wampum belt as though he had a written document in his hand. His memory seemed marvelous. Metaphors and figures flowed with ease accompanied by expressive gestures.

Advancing to the missionary, he said: "Patlias, give ear to my voice, I am the mouth of the tribe. You hear all the Abnakis when you listen to my words. My heart has no crooked thoughts; my intentions are upright. We wish to forget all our warcry and change it to a song of joy." Then he began to chant and gesticulate as he strode up and down, his comrades beating time with a hé in cadence, and strongly aspirated, sounded from the depth of the chest.

Kiomo often looked up to the sun, and grasped his arms with his hands as if to rid them of their warlike strength. He then resumed a calmer manner and continued: "This belt which I present to you thanks you for your goodness to the tribe. You have come to drive away evil and to teach us the truth." He then placed the wampum on the Father's arm, then turning faced the tribe who gazed upon Kiomo in a fierce, questioning way.

The old warrior bent his head very low and facing the missionary again said: "Patlias, you are good to us. I believe in you—the tribe will have me ask you three questions, if you can answer them they will say "Stay with us, we are your children."

"Ask, Kiomo, any question. I will answer you truthfully," said the priest, nevertheless a little startled,—"Do you love *her?*" Kiomo pointed to a faded print of our Blessed Mother, our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, that he had produced from a small pouch at his belt.

"She is my dearest Mother on earth and in heaven," solemnly answered the missionary. Kiomo's eyes danced with joy. His dark skin seemed steeped with crimson.

Then he demanded almost fiercely: "Do you know the Chief, our Great White Father across the great lake?"

"If you mean, my Holy Father and yours, the holy Pope of Rome, yes—for he has sent me here."

Kiomo smiled, a smile of native joy. "How many children have you?" said he boldly.

"You are my child, and all whom I teach to know God. These are my only children. Priests do not wed," answered the missionary.

The leader looked back at his followers as if to say "all is right." A murmur of joy and satisfaction rose from the tribe. Kiomo made a sign.

"Patlias!" he cried, "Patlias! stay with us. We will be true children. Teach us, help us! Help your children of Pemetiq."

"My God, I thank Thee," said the good priest bending low in submission to Divine Providence. "Children, I will be your father; yes, a kind and loving father, since your Father in heaven has sent me to you—you, His children." As he spoke, the crimson glow of sunset spread its glory over land and sea. Every billow tipped with fire seemed to undulate in a lake of molten gold, while arrows of light flashed swiftly from thou-

sands of tree tops on the hills beyond. The Indians rose and slowly filed back to their wigwams on cliff and shore, leaving the missionary alone with God.

CHAPTER IV.

Disaster.

Two months had passed and the missionary felt that he was bound to report at the settlement. No doubt by this time he was thought to have perished from want or at the hands of the savages. He called Kiomo to him and explained that he must go to the place whence he had come and that it was an urgent duty. Kiomo entreated him to stay.

"Patlias will always have a cabin and a fire with us," he pleaded. But having been convinced of the good priest's intentions, he assembled the tribe and told them that the missionary was going back to the settlement but would come to them again. Their stolid faces showed no sign of sentiment, they calmly returned to their wigwams, but later in the day one might have seen them, one now and then another, wending their way to the cabin, bearing such gifts as they could offer, moccasins, baskets, and fur mittens such as the Indians had brought from the distant settlement.

That evening, sitting in his cabin, which often also served as hospital, the priest was reading his breviary by the fitful glare of the burning logs. He heard a soft step, a gentle push of the door and in a moment Manaskan stood before him.

"Patlias, hear me," cried the boy, throwing himself on his knees before the missionary. Then in the dim light, with shadows dancing on wall and floor, he unburdened his young soul of a weight of hatred and revenge. Suddenly, a strange long-drawn sound echoed along the shore. In a moment every Indian on the Island was down on the beach, every eye was watching, every ear strained—the sound was repeated, again and again. Far away on the horizon could be dimly discerned a tossing sail heading for the Island.

"What brings the white man at this season?" muttered Wahin.

"It is an evil coming," answered Kiomo.

Manaskan heard and again sought the missionary.

"It is the white man's ship, Patlias, and Kiomo says it is evil that he brings," cried Manaskan.

"Don't be uneasy, my child," answered the priest gently, "God will take care of you. Do not fear. Trust Him."

Soon another peal sounded somewhat nearer. The great ocean's troubled waters rolled and foamed and tossed, on came the ship, cutting the surging billows and signalling distress, but there was no response. The natives on the shore were hoping it would sink beneath the waves. Here was a vessel bearing passengers and supplies bound for the settlement, dashed from

its route, lost in the fog, and now running a gauntlet of shoals trying in vain to reach some port.

After forty days at sea, the Royal Merchant's anchor might possibly drop inside the reef off Pemetiq. The tasks, the days, the miles of ocean between now and the time of reunion might well mock the hearts of its passengers.

Captain Weymouth paced the hot, low-roofed cabin, puffing furiously at his pipe, gripping the sea-glass in his right hand. In the distance he could see the winter's snow glistening against the dark, dull green of the spruce and hemlock bowing and tossing in friendly courtesy to the pine on the headland. Over the dreary hillsides clustered the wigwams of the Indians, with here and there a cabin. The cry of wolves echoed from the mountain side and the air was dense with eddying wreaths of snowflakes which the storm spirits flung in handfuls over the wintry landscape, while foamy billows lashed the shore with a dull booming sound. Suddenly a strange desire came to him, a desire to explore the distant unknown region before him. But the channel was exceedingly rough, the position of the ship was perilous. "I have never lost a ship," he thought. His hand shook, his throat felt as if it were lined with ashes. "I see no way out of here. If I could but land. Something must be done." He signalled to the crew.

The first mate approached, saluted and respectfully asked if there was not danger of shipwreck as he pointed to the reefs ahead.

"Shipwreck!" roared the Captain. "What in thunder have I to do with a shipwreck?" He was trying to screen his anxiety.

"If I could tell you anything in prophecy of a shipwreck, I would not be here," he explained.

As the vessel neared the entrance to the harbor, a thick fog shut in. The pilot was reputed to be very careful and capable, and Captain Weymouth had been many years in service, but tonight both men were exceedingly nervous and depressed. The fog grew so thick that the lookouts could not see half a ship's length ahead. A few minutes after ten o'clock there was a sudden crash which laid the vessel almost on her side, disabling many of the boats. As soon as Captain Weymouth realized that his ship must become a total loss his nervous tension broke, he lost his reason and wildly plunged overboard crying "To the boats! To the boats!" It was his first and his last shipwreck.

When daylight came the vessel was in a cove, with precipitous cliffs rising several hundred feet against which the landward rolling surges roared and broke in acres of foam. Under the pounding of the seas the doomed vessel rapidly went to pieces, and of the one hundred twenty souls that she carried only eighteen reached a landing in the harbor.

To be continued.

Thomas A. Daly—Poet

It seems that a dual personality is to be found in the productions of Mr. Daly—the humorous and pathetic, and a higher more serious side with a lyric and idyllic appeal.

In the former, he touches a deep vein of human sympathy, when as a dialect poet he gives us some aspect of the homely side of life in such a way as to change us alternately from smiles to sadness. Herein he displays a master power. We find this quality emphasized in a marked degree as we read "Lettla Humpy Jeem."

It is well to note that in the representation of the different dialects, never once does he ridicule the good people whose peculiarities he so vividly portrays.

Again he displays a power of stinging satire that is not only effective but attractive in the extreme, of which "The Building Inspector" is an excellent example.

When ground is broken on the site
For your new church, some busy wight,
Is certain to assume the right
To pose as chief inspector.
He deems it quite the thing that he
Should represent the laity
And watch the builder's work, and see
He doesn't cheat the rector.

Of course, the whole thing's badly planned,
He tells you—and you understand
How good it is that he's at hand
To check some greater blunder.
The mortar's bad! He breaks a crumb
Between his finger and his thumb,
And shakes his head and murmurs—"Bum!
Who sold 'em that, I wonder."

Thus after church each Sunday morn,
With mingled pity, grief and scorn,
He goes about on his forlorn,
Grim duty of inspection.
But no, not every Sunday, though—
The statement's not exactly so—
Some Sundays they take up, you know
The building fund collection.

It is only by a thorough perusal of his writings that we can really appreciate the poet and it is also from his own words that we can form an estimate of his value as a writer.

My favorite poet? I'm afraid
You'll sneer at my selection
And if a poet's born, not made
It may deserve rejection.
'Tis true his puny stature shows
The lines that he is built on
Much less heroic are than those
That moulded ————
Milton

I grant you may with Byron's fame
Crush my poor bard's to jelly,
Or dim his rush light in the flame
That wreathes the name of————
Shelley

Behold him too, in thought or style,
Not even Burns' or Blake's peer,
Poor pigmy piping many a mile
In rear of————
Shakespeare.

Yet not for any one of these
Great names that loom above him
Would I exchange those qualities
That make me fondly love him.
I love his loving heart that sings
And makes my blood flow faster.

I love so many little things
Of which he is the master;
I love his ardent joy of life,
And faith, as I'm a sinner,
I love his bairns, his home, his wife,
His appetite for dinner.

My favorite poet? I'll rejoice
And tread this old earth gaily
As long as I can hear the voice
of ————
T. A. Daly.

The Immaculate Conception

Sing, O world, the Virgin Mary,
Sing her bright celestial beauty,
Sing her goodly preservation
From the dark and dread alliance.
In the instant of creation,
Came her soul to state of justice,
Breathed her spirit glad with blessing,
By the favor of the Mighty.
  Fair as moonlight on the snowdrift
  Is the Honor of our people,
  Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
  The Immaculate Conception.

Enmities, yea, full and perfect,
God foretold at Eve's confession,
Should exist between the serpent
And the Woman of the promise.
Mary came, the pure, the sinless,
Who had never part with Satan,
Conquered through her Son, the Saviour,
Crushed the spirit of all evil.
  Joy to Angel hosts of Heaven
  Lead by Michael, Prince of battle,
  Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
  The Immaculate Conception.

Woman blessed above all women,
Is the sun-clothed Virgin Mother,
Living temple, framed of Heaven
For the dwelling of the Holy.
Of her flesh, the flesh of Jesus,
From her veins, His veins ran purple;
This revolving, faith discerneth,
Therefore, she was made the sinless.
  Sweet as roses at their waking,
  Breathing love unto their Maker,
  Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
  The Immaculate Conception.

God most high, and Son of Mary,
By His cross and woeful passion
Felled the demon, crushed his purpose,
Thus accomplished our redemption.
From the tree which death encompassed
Sought He legacy to leave us,
And He gave His dearest treasure,
His own Mother to our keeping.
Dear as life unto her children,
Is the death-trust of our Saviour,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary
The Immaculate Conception.

Blessed are thou, Maid and Mother!
Chosen daughter of the Father,
Radiant Mother of the Saviour,
Bride unto the Holy Spirit!
Where her throne is set in glory,
Near the seat of the Eternal,
Glows the flush of risen planets,
Falls the splendor of the starlight.
Queen of Saints, and Queen of Angels,
To the King her voice uplifting,
Stands the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Holy Church in psalms of beauty,
Praises Mary ever Virgin,
Sings the great and glorious Mother
Of high God, the Word Incarnate!
Sings of marvelous exemption
From the lot of fallen nature,
Sings the highest theme of graces
The Immaculate Conception.
Holiest of all God's creatures
Sings the Church throughout all ages,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary
The Immaculate Conception.

In America, the golden,
In the greatest of all nations
Holy Church throughout the homeland,
Honors Mary as her patron.
And the sweetest invocation
"Without sin," goes on unceasing,
As the light that falls from heaven,
As the shade that wraps our slumber.
Dear as freedom to our people
Is devotion to God's Mother,
To the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

ANON.

"Our Tainted Nature's Solitary Boast."

Christmas in Other Lands

In all Christian countries the annual recurrence of Christmas is celebrated with festivities of various kinds. In none, however, is it more joyfully welcomed than in England and Ireland, where the customs of the early druids have been changed to symbolize that which is purely Christian. On the eve of the Feast, after the usual devotion, large candles decorated with holly are lighted and allowed to burn to the socket, and a huge log called the "Yule Log," is thrown on the hearth; as long as it continues to burn the festivities are kept up.

In Norway, rich and poor unite to give the cattle and birds a feast. They throw wheat, grain and crumbs to them. It is the belief of these people that at midnight of Christmas eve the cattle turn their heads to the East and kneel in adoration, as knelt His animal companions in that stable of Bethlehem the first Christmas night of our Saviour's birth. Instead of wishing all around him a "Merry Christmas," as we do, the one who wakes first on that blessed morning, sings a little hymn.

In Germany, the observance of Christmas is ideal. All the squares and many of the streets are turned into minature cedar forests. And if you should chance to pass a cemetery, you would see a tiny Christmas tree on each grave, for the dead are always remembered even in a material way. Many weeks before hand the making of clothing for the poorer children occupies the time of the wealthy. Then comes a distribution day; when all the useful gifts are presented. Just before Christmas an odd-looking individual known to the children as "Ruprecht," with a bag on his shoulder and a stick in his hand, passes from house to house demanding to know if the children have been good and said their prayers. If the answer is "yes," he opens the bag and rewards them, but if the answer is "no," he uses his stick on the culprits. Many a lad who has had a rollicking reckless time the greater part of the year, begins to thoughtfully mend his ways shortly before this annual visitor is expected, hoping to escape the woe of punishment and to share in the good things passed around. In Germany the great feature of Christmas is the tree which is always richly decorated and illuminated.

In Holland, the people strictly observe the holy day by attending church, but it seems they do not give presents; rather they have a great deal of feasting. For the younger children, Santa Claus comes on St. Nicholas day, the sixth of December, and

this is a more joyful occasion for them than the feast of Christmas. The children sing songs and recite pieces for their parents and receive their gifts. The older people do not exchange presents until the sixth of January, the Feast of the Epiphany, or Little Christmas, as it is sometimes called, the day on which the Three Wise Men brought their rich offerings to the feet of our Infant Saviour.

In Spain and Portugal, there is the family reunion, when several generations meet at the parent home for the Christmas dinner. Here the religious festivities are very elaborate. For decorations of church and home the most beautiful flowers are used with rich profusion.

In France, Christmas does not mean exchange of gifts or cards, this is reserved for New Year, which is there the greatest of all the holy days.

In Austria, the people are particularly thoughtful of the "Bringer of Gifts." They place a lighted candle in their windows so that the Christ-child in passing will not stumble and fall. On Christmas eve a candle is lighted when the family has assembled, and a hymn is sung.

After studying the customs of different countries one thought arises—they all rejoice with one and the same end in view: the adoration of our Infant Redeemer and in thanksgiving for all the graces and gifts of mind and body and soul bestowed during the year. The Christmas atmosphere is a holy one full of joy and sweetness.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated:
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Kathleen L. Mahar, S. J. A., '12.

MAGNIFICAT.

Thy soul doth magnify thy Lord and God,
For wondrous are His mercies unto thee;
Sun, moon, and the empyrean stars are trod
Beneath thy feet with royal dignity.

O thou, in whom the heaven's Eternal King
With arm exceeding strong great things hath wrought,
Whatever of earth's gifts to thee we bring,
Are dull before thee, Lady without spot.

O.L.V.

Cardinal Newman

"Some great there are, not good—some good, not great—
Some neither great nor good, amongst mankind.
Some few both good and great—how hard to find—
When found how easy to enumerate!
The deep and shallows of another mind,
Nor secrets of another soul—too blind
To know how much to love, how much to hate—
One soul above the shallowness of sect,
We see, both great and good, in this our land;
A gentle soul, a giant intellect,
A master mind, a heavenward helping hand!
Lead on, thou 'Kindly Light,' great Prince, good Priest!
Lead on! Of those who love Thee most, we love not least."

An eminent writer has said that if he were sentenced to solitary confinement and allowed his choice of books, being limited to one or two writers, he would prefer some of Newman's to even Shakespeare himself. And one of his own countrymen, a writer, says: "The position that Cardinal Newman held among his people was of an unique kind. There are few living English men who, however widely they may differ from him in matters of speculation and opinion, did not regard him, not merely with veneration and pride, but with a kind of personal affection."

"Down in bustling Birmingham, there is one quiet spot. It is the oratory of St. Philip Neri. If you were to happen within the walls of the Oratory some day just at the hour when sunset is being followed by twilight, you might hear stealing down the long silent corridors of the building, sweet strains of music drawn from the strings of a violin, by a skilled and delicate touch. Ask one of the Fathers whence the music comes and he would probably smile and answer: "It is His Eminence, the Superior, who is playing on an old and valuable Stradivarius, the greatest churchman in England, and one of the greatest masters in the English language, found relaxation and peace as evening fell. The master of the violin is none other than John Henry Newman.

In the Oratory he passed his days in serenity and security. The revolution of religious thought, which the Earl of Beaconsfield declared to be the greatest that England had seen in more than three hundred years, and in which Newman was the leading figure is a thing of the past. Here the saintly Newman put forth his best powers in the cause of Catholicity and enriched with his thoughts the literature of the religion he had so opposed in his earlier days.

Who has not read Newman's "Loss and Gain," "Callista," "Illustrations of Protestant Methods of Argument?" A controversy between Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley was productive of "Apologia Sua Vita" and happily so. The effect of this production was to dispel much misunderstanding of Catholicity in England and a fostering of Catholic spirit throughout the land.

Sometimes sarcastic, and again humorous, he wrote with ease, beauty and strength, while his arguments indicate great learning and ability. His works are ever pure in sentiment and healthful in their influence. His subjects are always well developed and logically enforced. For a striking contrast between Catholic and Protestant literature Newman gives strong impressions.

Loved by all, he was ready to sympathize with and assist the youngest as well as the oldest. Newman's life was spent with his books and writings, except for his work at the Oratory. He was but little seen in the outside world.

Newman's sufferings were not all caused by English Protestantism, for over thirty years of his Catholic life was one long siege of trials and difficulties. And many a combat he fiercely fought before the answer came to his beautiful petition "Lead, Kindly Light," whose sobbing monosyllables proclaim with all the earnest passionate yearning of a struggling soul. "The night is dark, and I am far from home."

The blamelessness and simplicity of his life, the singleness of his aim, and the influence of his great intellect, all conspired to give him a position as a pillar in his Church and among Catholic writers, that the Church will find rather hard to replace. There may have been preachers as eloquent, religious thinkers as subtle, writers of as powerful and grand a style, though as preacher, as thinker, and as writer, his rivals in his own, or any other country have been few indeed. It would be a vain search through the history of our own or perhaps any other age, for one who combined these varied intellectual and spiritual gifts, in anything like the wealth in which they were united in the great English convert. The Catholic world has produced some very remarkable writers, but none so deservedly popular as John Henry Newman.

"However in spite of the quiet life led by him, after his retirement from active public life, Dr. Newman was probably one of the best known men in England, and, it is safe to say, he was one of the most admired and respected. If sterling integrity and absolute impeccability were the distinguishing marks of his predecessors, true manhood had found a noble representative in Dr. Newman. Called upon to step from a sphere of comparative humbleness to an exalted position in the Catholic Church, he acquitted himself of the duties that fell to him in a manner that won for him praise and admiration from all quarters."

The Three Rs and Another R

In a previous article we stated that, given the belief in the existence of God, the school without religious teaching was not only wrong from the point of view of the Christian, but also from the point of view of true pedagogics. Let us consider the subject from this latter point of view.

If it be true that God exists, there follows from this truth certain relations between the child and God; and the right education of the child depends upon the proper conception and appreciation of these relations. All educators of any note, even non-Christian, hold that the formation of character is the end of education. But character in its last analysis consists in fidelity to all our duties; and duty, if it be anything more than a mere name, is founded on and rooted in the relation between God and man. And any system of education that fails to build on this elementary and fundamental truth must be found wanting; wanting in secure foundation; wanting in method and content; wanting in articulation and coördination; wanting in power and sanction; wanting in purpose and end; and this judged from the point of view of pedagogy.

The child enters school to be educated. His diverse faculties must be developed in a unified and harmonious manner. Childhood is the formative period of life; what goes into his formation now will appear in his life later on. Psychology teaches us that the different faculities have their seasons for proper development; the child is more open to certain impressions at one period of life than at another, and the propitious season may not be missed without injury to the child. The work of the teacher is to develop these impressions at the right season, and to give them the proper articulation one with the other in order to avoid one-sidedness and to secure unity and harmony in the education of the child. Now besides the senses, memory, reasoning and the will that are to be developed, the child has spiritual and moral faculties that must be educated. Spiritual aspirations awaken within him; his conscience opens, and he perceives the difference between right and wrong; his passions awaken also, and he begins early to learn that the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit lusteth against the flesh; it may be only in the slightest degree, but sufficiently to make him conscious of the conflict. Temptations come to him from within and without. It is the old, age-long battle, and the child sooner or later must face it. In the conflict within him and without him he feels the need of light and strength from above. He knows that he is not

sufficient unto himself; he feels the need of help. Now it is religion alone that can answer these questionings, these aspirations these longings; and not only answer them, but give the necessary help for the right education of the child. These spiritual and moral faculties are awakening and unfolding in the same individual and at the same time as the physical and mental faculties; they act and counteract one upon the other, and they must be developed along with the other faculties if the spiritual and moral life of the child is to be protected and the proper and harmonious education of the child is to be secured. Forbid religion to enter the school and you are not providing for the proper development of the child's life in a matter that is not only real and practical but vital and supreme; for the present life and for the future; for time and for eternity. And any system of education that neglects such vital and supreme interests of the child is a crime and a sacrilege against the child, and woefully wrong from the merely pedagogic point of view.

I know it may be objected that the child will receive his spiritual and moral education in the home and in the church. Present day conditions, that are so much deplored just now, would be sufficient to refute the fact of this objection. But apart from this, it is pedagogically wrong to exclude from the school the very workshop or laboratory for the development of the child's character, the very essential elements needed for the formation of that character. It is true that the school is not the only educative force in life. No indeed. The home, the church, the street, the play-ground, and in fact everything and every one the child comes in contact with are educational influences, one way or another, work on the child. But the school is the ex-professo educational power, and the ex-professo educational institution cannot ignore the vital, nay, the supreme faculties of the child, or provide the essential elements for the development of those faculties without being unjust to the child and false to itself. Such a school might develop young animals or produce calculating machines, but it would be but poorly designed for the education of the children of men.

This pedagogy, sans religion, feels the need of some means to develop the spiritual and moral nature of the child, but pedagogy without religion is so monstrous a thing, and is so twisted and out of joint that it will offer manual training as a spiritual and moral factor in the life of the child while it rejects the one specific and essential power—religion. Manual training may have some moral training. So may arithmetic, and the spelling bee and the honey bee, as it is claimed. But why in the name of a perverted theory will these merely incidental influences be advanced, while the direct, specific, essential and indispensable power, the one thing necessary—religion—be discarded? The child cries for bread and they give him a course in calisthenics!

His soul yearns for God and they give him manual training!

As such pedagogy is wrong in method, so it is wrong in articulation and coördination. A great striving of our times is for unity in the educational processes. But how can unity be obtained in the study of the many things and the many sciences, and in the development of the many faculties, when the God Who gives unity to all is excluded from the class-room? Indeed, to be consistent it must deliberately falsify both the method and content of education as it does, in reality, in theory and practice, when it ignores or minimizes the person, the place and the power of Christ and His religion in history and philosophy. Christ came into the world and transformed the world; and He claims the same place and power to transform the lives of individuals. How can the school without religion adequately treat of Christ. His work, and His claims when it professes to reject religion? Teach all you will about Jupiter and Jove but Jesus must be excluded. The morals of the Spartans may be studied but not that of the Christians. Athens may become a shrine, but Bethlehem and Calvary and all that lies between, and the influence they have had upon the world must be falsified. This is not only unscientific and a crime against the child, but it is a crime against the truth and shows how perverted a system may become when it tries to exclude God.

To be continued.

WHAT I WOULD BE.

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me.
I would be pure, for there are those who care,
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless.
I would be giving, and forget the gift.
I would be humble, for I know my weakness,
I would look up—and laugh, and love—and lift."

The Missionary Spirit

The year 1913 now about to close has been remarkable for its many conventions and religious celebrations. Besides the great world wide Constantine commemoration, in our own country we may note among our separated brethren, the Episcopal Triennial convention held in New York, the Methodist at Indianapolis, the Congregational at Kansas City, the Unitarian at Buffalo, in October, and the great Catholic missionary gathering at Boston early in November, were all busied discussing the ways and means of reaching the unchurched millions not only in our own country but throughout the world.

Two other Catholic celebrations were sufficiently notable and deserving of more than a mere passing notice, for they were held in commemoration of important historic events in the Christian life of our country. We refer to the ter-centenary of the Church in Maine, and the 2nd centenary of the birth of the great apostle of the Pacific coast, Fra Junipero Serra.

The ter-centenary of the Catholic Church in any country, and the beginning of the life of one of her noted children is not without its lessons, for in this age of conventions frequently resulting in high sounding resolutions of no special benefit to the cause which they represent, it is refreshing to take up the lives of the Christian heroes of years agone and study that spirit of sacrifice and disinterestedness which has given them a place in history, and not alone that but which gave a value to their lives not to be measured by mere human results.

The missionary spirit is perhaps the oldest one in the Church; it dates back to her very beginning, to the days of our Saviour whose very existence was given for the conversion of the unbeliever; it dates back to the days of Pentecost when the coming of the Holy Ghost gave to the Apostles that increase of fiery zeal which enabled them to carry the faith of the crucified to the uttermost parts of the then known world. In England it brings us back to the days of Augustine; in Ireland to the days of Patrick; in Germany to the days of Boniface; in the far East to the days of Francis Xavier; in America, to the days of Biard, Massé, and Quentin in Maine, as it does to those of Junipero Serra in California.

Conventions treat questions in general and their resolutions if carried out produce results. As they do not possess the power of legislating, their resolutions have no binding force. About all that they can do is to discuss generalities and thereby attract public attention. But when we single out particular events such

Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate

Bar Harbor, Aug. 6th, 1913.

as the coming of a band of missionaries, or the beginning of a noted life, we at once get from the general to the particular and are thereby placed in touch with the very means which brought success to the enterprise. We find ourselves dealing with actual results and are led to examine the cause which produced those effects the difficulties encountered, and to ask ourselves whether with the same spirit and the same weapons, similar results may not yet be attained.

We find ourselves facing today a situation which is well nigh appalling. Looking abroad over our own country, we see the millions and millions of our fellow citizens living without religion and dying the death of the unbeliever; we see the disintegration so rapidly taking place among our separated brethren who still cling to some few vestiges of revealed truth; we see the efforts being made to hold their societies together, to interest anew the lax and negligent; we remark even our Catholics in large numbers unresponsive and unappreciative of the priceless blessings which it is their lot to enjoy.

Only too well do we realize the need of an awakening of a renewal of that Christian sense of duty in the hearts and lives of those whom we know so well. But how to bring it about? How to win them back to Christ? Such was the burning question before all the conventions both Catholic and Protestant held this present year.

To all their discussions and resolutions, we see only one answer: Let us get back to the spirit of the missionary, to that spirit of self-denial, to that spirit that deals not with costs but with results, to that spirit in whose presence all difficulties disappear, to that spirit which sees alone the soul of man and his salvation. If aught else had animated Biard, Massé, Druillette or Rasle in the mission fields of Maine; if the motives which actuated Junipero Serra in his various foundations on the shores of the Pacific, had been other than Christian in the true sense of the word, the historian of today would have a far different story to tell, and the names of the men whom we honor today would hardly be found on the page of history.

But we are fortunate in the tale of their sacrifices, in the records of the great results which flowed from their zealous efforts, and if we would learn the secret of their success, we have it in their missionary spirit which was ever and always undaunted in the presence of the greatest difficulties. It was this missionary spirit which enabled them to leave their homes, to start out without any apparent means of support, to journey across the unknown seas, to betake themselves to the squalid huts of the savages, to endure their meager fare, to learn their language, in a word to make a heroic effort to save their souls.

Let our situation today be as unpromising as you please, we shall never be called on to suffer the privations of the early

missionaries and their attendants in their mission work among the Indians of our country.

The apostolate then was purely priestly. Today it must be an obligation for both the laity and the clergy, hence the missionary spirit be common to both. It would be wrong to say that this question has to do with the priests only for the laity in their daily associations have a field far broader than the most zealous priest may hope to enjoy. The true missionary spirit should therefore prompt them to so perfect themselves in their holy faith, that they may be a living source of inspiration to all with whom they may come in contact, proving both by word and example their conviction of the faith which they profess.

There is in our State as in other parts of our country, a special demand for an active missionary spirit both on the part of the clergy and the Catholic laity. With our increasing Catholic population, with their efforts to gain a livlihood, in the presence of the fact that they do not all remain near our churches but frequently are obliged to locate in places where they can be visited but seldom, where there are no immediate prospects of having church advantages because of the fewness of their numbers and their poverty, we easily see a demand for the missionary spirit.

Again when we remember that our Catholic people do not always drift to a distance from church centers in families which give some hope, in their associations with one another, for keeping the faith, but are very liable to get away as individuals either in the case of mixed marriages, or when a member of a Catholic family chances to find an advantageous position, we then behold the Catholic young man's or woman's great danger as regards loss of faith, especially as they may be in a place where prejudices against the Church are strong, and perhaps alone there.

Then we have to remember the mixed marriage which not unfrequently takes the Catholic party away from their associations and places them in surroundings in no way helpful if not positively hostile and injurious to their Christian existence. It does not require a very extensive knowledge of conditions as they exist in our State to know that there are many cases of this nature, that there are cases where there are young children whose existence frequently proclude the possibility of the Catholic parent journeying to a distance in order to receive the sacraments, no matter how favorable the surroundings may be, to say nothing of hostile circumstances.

With this situation before us we have to remember the activities of our separated brethren both clerical and lay, the inducements held out to our isolated Catholics socially and religiously. We see them in the presence of an organized effort, it matters little whether known under the name of this or that sect, or under the guise of the Y. M. C. A. posing as strictly undenomi-

national, experience teaches us that the purpose and result are always the same.

On the 26th of last month, there was filed with the Secretary of State at Augusta, the certificate of incorporation for the Penobscot Bay Bethel Mission of Stockton Springs, Maine. Its purpose was given as follows: "To promote the moral and spiritual welfare of seamen, fisherfolk and others residing on the coast and adjacent islands of the State of Maine; to provide charity funds for the relief of needy inhabitants of said localities and of their families and those dependent upon them; to acquire by purchase, gift, device or bequest, personal or real estate and to use and dispose thereof for the above mentioned objects." As far as we are able to judge the board of directors are one and all members of the Evangelical churches.

When the Bangor and Aroostook built their great terminal at Cape Jellison, hope was inspired in the many that a great seaport was about to be developed, new fields of wealth to be opened, and quite a few poor people unable to get a start in life elsewhere felt that the opportunity for them to better their condition had at last arrived, hence taking their few belongings moved to Stockton. With the coming of the terminal, quite a large building was erected to carry on the mission work among the new comers and to serve as a home for the mission superintendent. From the sailors the work has been gradually extended to the surrounding country and has lately been increased so as to include the hundred miles of coast between the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers. For several years a mission boat has been on duty to the eastward from the Penobscot. This boat which is called "The Morning Star" is subsidized by some of Bar Harbor's wealthy summer visitors and has to make trips at stated intervals to the out of the way places along our eastern coast, where here and there Gospel meetings are held, all of which are supposed to be strictly non-sectarian which of course means protestant as far as the work is concerned. The same kind of work is being carried on in our lumber regions as well as in our populous centers under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., all advancing the same claim to be non-sectarian, and yet all the prominent workers members of some one of the three Evangelical churches. In so many walks of life do we find the Y. M. C. A. at work, find them ready to take charge of everything and anything, that we are led to believe that no matter what the name may be, it is in truth Protestantism in practice or at work under another name. This is the work which reaches our scattered people, reaches the emigrant on his arrival in America, in fact before he sails, his destination has already been learned and word sent on to have him met. He is taken in hand, given that encouragement which must surely make an impression on him. Gymnasiums are opened to him; various

amusements, reading rooms, Bible classes, illustrated lectures, all under the care of bright young men who are well paid, and necessarily members of the Evangelical churches. In theory this looks all right, but when we come to the practical side of the question, it is not easy to see how a professed Baptist, Methodist, or Congregationalist, can possibly help giving the color of his convictions to those with whom he comes in contact, hence what can we expect for our Catholic emigrants, our Catholic men, young or old, when under influences which if logical must be hostile to their faith.

From a worldly standpoint, the assistance and help thus given freely and in abundance, means a great deal, especially when one must otherwise be left largely to his own resources. The helping hand held out by the great organization is gladly accepted, and that which began as a material influence ends by controlling the religious existence of the recipient.

Such is the situation which confronts us today, a situation which demands attention on the part of the clergy and laity of the Catholic church.

Here is one of the sources through which we are suffering losses, and if we would hold what is already ours, we must plan for action which will be efficient in coming to the material or spiritual assistance of our needy ones. This spells more than high sounding resolutions; it spells sacrifice and hard work. But with what the Church has to offer her children, with that generous missionary spirit which has always been hers, the work should be quite possible, and the losses largely averted.

We have our organized Catholic bodies, such as the Knights of Columbus, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, The St. John the Baptist, The Catholic Order of Foresters, etc., would that this missionary spirit might find a place in their councils, would that they might see their way clear to assist in subsidizing some zealous priests or laymen to cover systematically the mission field in our State to such an extent that the weak ones of our faith may be strengthened, the isolated encouraged, and made to feel that the great body of the faithful has at heart their temporal and eternal welfare. In this way, that missionary spirit which was the predominating characteristic in the lives of the heroic men whose memories we have this year commemorated, would again be in evidence as an organized apostolate in which both clergy and laity would labor together for the upbuilding of God's Church and the salvation of souls.

The Mite Box

It was just two days before the great feast of Christmas. The snow had drifted here and there in banks two or three feet high, the wind was sharply piercing, and the sleighbells jingled merrily in the frosty air. In the comfortable sitting room of a large brick mansion, a pleasant glow from the fireplace gave an atmosphere of warmth and cosiness. Before this genial hearth sat Mrs. Warren and her two daughters, Stella about eighteen and Constance, eight years younger. They were discussing the coming holiday. Each had prepared a list of things she would like to have.

"I shall not be satisfied unless I have a ring with an emerald, my birthstone, set in the center of a row of pearls," said Stella, looking at her mother for approval.

"Well, I want a large doll dressed as a bride. You know Victor broke my last doll," said Constance.

"Now, my dears," said Mrs. Warren, "your plans are not quite as generous as I should like to have them. Would it not be kind and in keeping with the beautiful feast approaching, if you were to try and make some one happy, one of the many who have to spend Christmas like an ordinary day, with no one to think of their pleasure or to offer them a pretty gift?"

"Yes, indeed, mother!" said Stella, "only last Sunday evening, Father Waldron emphasized the happiness of giving, especially at this season. I felt like doing every good deed possible, while he was speaking."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Warren, "let my girls think more of charity and try to help some poor person to spend Christmas happily."

Stella and Constance looked at the mite-box on the mantelpiece, a pretty Japanese affair, bearing on its side in golden letters, "Lend to the Lord."

All year long it held its accustomed place of prominence. From their earliest days the Warren children were taught to drop small offerings of coin into the "Lord's own bank" as Stella called it. Real sacrifices, the price of some pleasure craved and longingly desired, constituted that which entered the little box. At the close of the year all it held was given to a worthy cause.

And now the opportunity of using the precious loan had come. They brought it to their mother, and poured its contents into her lap. It proved to be quite a sum. Mrs. Warren had

always reminded the children that they were to give our Lord the most and the best. Her lesson had been heeded.

"What shall we do with it?" queried the mother.

"Let us give a Christmas tree to the children in the hospital, mamma; it will give those poor darlings so much pleasure," eagerly cried Constance.

"I should prefer clothing and food for some poor old lady, or some poor child," said Stella.

"But," said Constance, "that would be helping only one, while at the Hospital ever so many would enjoy the tree."

Stella argued that the food and clothing were necessaries of life, the tree only a pleasure. The discussion continued until bedtime and a variety of ideas lent spice to the argument.

The following morning at the breakfast table they decided to go shopping and buy toys for the children's tree. As they entered a large department store, they were pushed and jostled on all sides but finally succeeded in getting to the toy counter. At once Constance's eyes dilated to nearly twice their natural size and she wished to purchase everything she could see. Stella was kept busy reminding her of the fact that their purse held only a certain sum.

In the climax of her excitement, Constance's attention was attracted by a poor woman who had just entered the store. A very small babe in her arms and two puny, thinly-clad children clinging to her skirts made a very pathetic scene that deeply touched the girls. She was evidently a foreigner. Suddenly one of the children stumbled over a jardiniere and Mrs. Warren carefully picked him up and set him on his feet again. This gave her an opportunity of speaking to the poor woman, whom she discovered to be a German.

Mrs. Warren when at school had studied a little of the German language and now was able to carry on fragments of conversation.

The story was a sad one. The family had been in this country but a month when the husband was taken ill and had not been able to work for some weeks. Being very poor, she was obliged to seek employment but so far had failed to accomplish anything.

Mrs. Warren was the first who really knew what she had so vainly tried to tell others. She had come into the store to get warm and rested.

"Girls," said Mrs. Warren, "Providence is directing our charity today. Here is the call for the mite box."

"It is the Lord," said Stella, fondly quoting her favorite teacher's phrase for all providential occasions.

Mrs. Warren took the poor woman's address, sent her home and promised aid for that very day and that the poor sick husband would receive medical attention. Turning to her daugh-

ters, she said, "My dears, give all that you have to this needy family and I will remember the Children's Hospital." Constance fairly glowed with pleasure and Stella declared that she felt like St. Elizabeth or a fairy god-mother or both at once.

Mrs. Warren's dark eyes sparkled with joy at the thought of her children's self-forgetfulness. Food, clothing, books and toys, such a load as drew up before the squalid tenement house. Heads were thrust out of windows and women with arms akimbo stood in the doorways wondering what it could mean. The services of a skilful physician brought courage to the sick man's heart, and within a short time he had a position in a printing office.

Thus did the mite box empty its treasure into the Hand of the Lord, and two young girls' hearts throbbed with purest joy and gratitude as they knelt that Christmas morning before the Crib of the Infant Saviour.

L. Juanita Mahar, S. J. A., '14.

OUR INFANT SAVIOUR.

Shines the moonlight clear and cold,
Shine the little stars of gold;
Glad are all things far and wide,
At the dawn of Christmastide.

Angels in their splendor shine
Near the Infant Babe Divine;
Hidden from all mortal sight
Is the glory of His light.

Lo! advancing from the East,
Noble, slave, and burdened beast—
Sighing for relief and rest
And the answers to their quest.

Will they seek Him now in vain
With their regal splendid train?
Ah, they kneel in glad surprise,
See Him with adoring eyes.

S. A. H.

Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul

May 1st, 1913, the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul came to Waterville and took charge of the I. C. Libby Memorial Hospital which had for some time previous been owned and carried on by Drs. Boyer and Craigin of this city. Finding the building inadequate for their needs as well as to satisfy the increasing demands of their patrons, the Sisters at once saw the necessity of enlarging their institution.

Work was accordingly at once begun and continued as rapidly as possible on through the past summer until its completion enabled the Sisters to invite inspection on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 26th, when they held their first "Hospital Day." Many took advantage of the opportunity to visit the institution, make their charitable offerings, and bid the good Sisters welcome to Waterville.

With the additions already completed, the hospital has accommodations for about forty patients. The latest in the line of equipments have been added, and nothing has been spared which would add to the comfort of the sick who during their stay may count on best of surroundings and the constant care of the Sisters of Charity.

Anyone desiring information as to rates or accommodations, medical attendance, etc., may obtain the same by addressing the Sister—Servant, Sister Mary Pauline, Waterville, Maine.

On the occasion of the sale of the Hospital to the Sisters of Charity April 17th ult, the following public announcement was made through the columns of the Waterville Morning Sentinel, Friday, April 18th, 1913:

"The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Emmitsburg, Md., purchased yesterday, with the approval of Right Rev. Bishop Walsh, the I. C. Libby memorial hospital in this city, owned and operated during the past few years by Drs. Boyer and Cragin of this town.

"The Sisters of Charity in coming to Waterville and assuming charge of the hospital, aim to continue here the good reliable, substantial work which has been their characteristic wherever located. Their experience in hospital work, their devotedness to their chosen field, certainly assured to all who, in affliction, seek their asylum, that well known care and kindness which go so far toward assuming the many and varied ills to which humanity is exposed.

"Many of the Sentinel readers have perhaps met the Sisters of Charity in other places, but for such as will for the first time form their acquaintance, a few words of introduction may not be out of place.

"The Sisters of Charity were founded in 1633 by Louise de Marillac and St. Vincent de Paul. Louise de Marillac was the widow of Antoine Le Gras, and is now known in connection with her life work as Mlle Le Gras.

"St. Vicent de Paul had organized many charitable confraternities for his work among the poor, but the need becoming apparent for a closer organization, Mlle Le Gras assembled a few of the more prominent workers at her home where she began on the 29th of November, 1633, to train them for the care of the sick and unfortunate. A few months afterwards, Mlle. Le Gras bound herself irrevocably by vow to the work she had chosen, and St. Vincent by degrees developed the spirit or rule of his sisterhood which had as he says, 'No grate but the fear of God, no veil but holy modesty.'

"In one of St. Vincent's letters, speaking about their work in Paris, the Saint states that "They shelter from 800 to 900 women; they distribute soup every day to 1300 bashful poor, and altogether 1400 persons have for the last six months depended on them for their means of subsistence.

"During the life time of St. Vincent de Paul and Mlle. Le Gras, their houses increased in number to forty. In 1789 there were in France alone 426 houses. Their growth during the past hundred years has been little short of marvellous. From France they have gone to Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Austria, England, Scotland, Ireland, the nearly all of the principal eastern cities, and to North and South America. Their present number is about 25,000.

"Their first settlement in the United States was at Emmitsburg, Md. Here under the encouragement of the venerable Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, Fr. Cheverus, and Dr. Martignon, and Fr. Dubois, Mother Eliza A. Seton and her four companions took up their abode in a log cabin, June 22, 1809.

"Learning of their intention to settle at Emmitsburg, Father Cheverus soon to be named first bishop of Boston, wrote Mother Seton under date of April 13, 1809, in the following words which have since proven prophetic: 'How admirable is Divine Providence. I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the altar. I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States, spreading everywhere the good odor of Jesus Christ, and teaching by their angelical lives and pious instruction how to serve God in purity and holiness. I have no doubt, my beloved and venerable Sister, that he who has begun this work will bring it to perfection.'

When Father Cheverus, so well known to the few scattered Catholics in Maine, wrote the above inspiring words, that April day, 1809, he saw only the original states of the American Union; he scarcely saw the great American nation of today. He hardly saw the growth of the little band in the log cabin of the hillside at Emmitsburg to the numerous community of the present day, a community of upwards of two thousand members, conducting orphanages, infant asylums, day nurseries, industrial schools, hospitals, etc., in the archdioces of Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia, in the dioceses of Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Hartford, Richmond, Rochester, Syracuse, Wilmington in the east, besides many institutions of various natures in the states from beyond the Mississippi to the Golden Gate.

"The Sisters expect to take up their work at Waterville about the first of May. Since the opening here was placed before them, they have been waiting until subjects were available for the work for which they are numerous, many are the demands that come to them from different parts of the world, but the great difficulty is to find sufficient sisters to satisfy the many necessities placed before them.

"Their labors in Waterville will be along the same broad lines that have characterized them from the very dawn of their existence as a society. Their institutions know neither race nor color; their zeal extends to all; and to each and every one both rich and poor they strive to bring grace and comfort."

Defending his position as one of the French writers of fiction who deliberately neglected intrigue between the sexes, Rene Bazin, whose latest book, "The Marriage of Mlle. Gimel and other Stories," has just appeared in an English translation, says: "Our novelists by occupying themselves with this unrepresentative part too exclusively have created and spread a conception of our country which is not only inadequate, but is also essentially false. If I have held myself resolutely aloof from the society novel, which I might have done, perhaps, as well as another, it is because I desire to portray the sweetness, purity and beauty of French family life, and not to perpetrate a gross libel upon it.—London Opinion.

A Burning Question

Anent the question of sex hygiene which is being more or less agitated by some perhaps well meaning people as well as others who always seek the latest fad as an occasion for rushing into the lime light of publicity, for if we keep a careful eye on the trend of events, we shall easily see that the various novelties constantly springing up are always seized as an occasion by the same to attract public notice, not so much we fear to the issue at stake as to themselves.

Logical thinkers in and without the Church are as a rule not slow in grasping the situation, and raising their voices in protest against the many fads constantly arising in our midst.

Sex hygiene forms no exception to the general rule except that it brings us on ground by far more dangerous than many are wont to realize. There seems to be no limit to the audacity of its advocates. People are sought out while at their work in their shops, the children in their schools where they are supposed to devote themselves to learning the three "Rs;" in their Sunday Schools, where Christian doctrine is supposed to be placed before them, they are assembled in lecture halls and asked to listen to the exponents these new and untried theories on matter that should be kept as long as possible from the youthful mind. But unfortunately instead of letting these things come gradually if at all and according to one's capacity, the advocate of the new method of producing upright living men and women, throws all the precautions which have been the result of ages of experience to the four winds and at once proceeds to unfold the stern realities before even the tenderest years of childhood innocence, in lectures which even the postal authorities of our country have excluded from the mails, thereby preventing their mad rush to reach every one possible.

The Minneapolis Journal recently summed up the situation as follows: "What they call sex education is running through the country like wildfire. Specialists deliver lectures in colleges. It is pressing its way into the public schools. Some of the churches offer youthful material for it. A few states have introduced clinics into their laws. The Chicago schools have started a series of permanent lectures upon the inviting subject. It has come to stay—for a time.

"The time will be short. If this branch of human knowledge were taught in the family, there would be no excuse for it in the schools, colleges, newspapers or law books. Parents who know their duty keep their children out of the new classes or

lecture rooms now. Those who do not should be taught, instead of the children they neglect.

"Parents, present and future, will profit most by the epidemic. Those who lack knowledge will be warned to acquire it; those who lack sense of duty will be stimulated to it, to keep their children out of public classes. This educated generation will be fitted to teach its own in the next. The neglected remnant will dwindle as time passes, till only a submerged fraction of children is left to be taught in the public school or settlement house what should have come to them in the privacy of the home. That is the one comfort of it all."

The writer above quoted certainly deserves praise for placing the question in part where it belongs, we would go farther and state that besides the parents the church has a divinely appointed duty in this question which at the proper time, she does not neglect to perform she has the advantage of experience, the exponents of these theories have not. They may know the matter in question very thoroughly, we do not deny this, but we do question the advisability of any self constituted teacher, no matter how well qualified, or even his right, no matter under what auspices to enter our schools and colleges to discuss matters of such vital importance." "There is in this country," says the Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul, "an increasingly large class of would-be educators who regard the teaching of sex hygiene as the acme of educational perfection. They have gone crazy over the possibilities of this fad which would place before the immature mind of innocent childhood a knowledge of evil such as the people of the underworld possess, in the vain hope that they will be morally strengthened thereby and trained into virtuous manhood and womanhood.

"The schools and colleges which tolerate the teaching of sex hygiene as a part of the curriculum are rapidly becoming the channels of pernicious information that will ruin the morals of the rising generation. You cannot make children good by familiarizing them with evil. As well try to prevent the mountain torrent from leaping in fury and foam from craig to craig, as to hope to beget virtue in the soul of a child by planting therein the seeds of vice.

"The only way to keep the child pure and holy is to hold up before it the ideal of Christian modesty taught by the Catholic Church. Catholic parents should be deeply grateful for the sane system of education pursued in Catholic schools and should do all in their power to thwart the efforts of those who would destroy the morals of their children by making sex hygiene a substitute for the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

At the most sex hygiene is an experiment and a dangerous one at that. We have yet no proof of its value, and until something definite comes to us from the proper source which will be conclusive, we Catholics must hold to our traditions and our reputation as the world's great conservative force.

A Poet's Message

Our keenest delight in reading a poem arises from the discovery of the poet's message to the world of readers. If we find no message, we say, this may be verse, but it is not poetry. The message being his to deliver, the true poet makes it forceable by musical utterance and luminous pictures. Grave critics have called Tom Moore a thoughtless singer of shallow songs, which is quite untrue, for songs that have been sung in every land where the English language is spoken must have something in them to touch the heart and kindle the imagination, as well as the melody of their rhyme and the harmony of their rhythm to appeal to the ear.

In "Paradise and the Peri," we may study some of Moore's better characteristics. It is a pleasure, exquisite in its gratification of delicate taste, to wander through the poet's mind-garden, inhaling the fragrance of its flowers, and listening to its birds sing, while we raise our eyes to the enchanted skies above it, and study the magic of pictures in tts clouds, for never had poem sweeter odors or more thrilling notes with which to greet the wayfarer than has genial Tom Moore.

He can be sad, too, and occasionally fierce and wild. In his "Paradise and the Peri," he leads up to his message by a series of pictures. Our interest is awakened by a vision of the Peri at the gate of Paradise: "As she listened to the springs of life within like music flowing, and caught the light upon her wing, through the half-open portal glowing." Here is true, artistic sense of the power of light and shade; "strong lights and deep shades," a pen-picture to which imagination lends canvas and colors, while taste and fancy revel in the beauty of the scene; the lovely "child of air" standing in exterior darkness, weeping, "to think her recreant race should e'er have lost that glorious place," has caught the light of Heaven upon her wings.

Only regret, however, not true repentance, fills the Peri's heart; regret, unavailing regret, worthless before God, useless to the soul; here is a lesson for many a sad heart that needs but to change the quality of its sorrow to have it turned into peace, if not joy. So the grieving Peri stands and gazes, longingly, at delights she may not share, and yet, as is ever found in God's dealings with His rational creatures, Heaven sends to the despairing one, a beam of saving, cheerful light,

Bending low, before the half-open portal, the Peri receives the light and the inspiration, which is likewise the poet's message to us: "Go, wing your flight from star to star."

Then is presented another charming picture: "The glorious angel who is keeping the Gates of Light" draws near to the weeping Peri to comfort her with the precious assurance that—

"The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven."

Hearing with fervent hope and bounding joy this blessed suggestion, "Down the blue vault the Peri flies." Then follows a description of India, in the glowing gem-strewn language that flows so naturally from Moore's pen, when dwelling on Oriental scenes. Meanwhile a youthful patriot, which gives opportunity to Moore's eloquence, dies on the battlefield:

"Swift descending on a ray
Of morning light the Peri caught the last,
Last glorious drop which he had shed,
Before his free-born spirit fled."

A noble idea this—to give such value to a hero's blood! The angel of his imaginative creation is loathe to reject the proffered crimson drops of life blood, but is forced in truth and reverence to say—

"Holier far
Than e'en this drop, the boon must be
That opes the Gate of Heaven for thee!"

As the disappointed spirit turns sorrowfully away to renew her search for earth's greatest treasure, Heaven's cost, our eyes are again drawn from her to one of the poet's lovely pen-pictures:

"Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes."

Then follows a delirious flight through "the enchanted regions of the upper air," over "fair gardens and shining streams," past the beauties of land, sea and air, until we pause, with poet and Peri, beside the fountain of clear, calm waters, wherein crime beholds innocence mirrored as a guileless child, and a dark-browed sinner stoops to drink, and we are silent witnesses of the grandest and most mysterious of transformations, the change of a sinner into a repentant child of God.

Moore finishes his message grandly by showing the value of a tear of repentance, and rejoicing in "the triumph of a soul forgiven," finishes his series of pictures, grandly, too, by revealing to us the happy Peri giving that peerless tear to the Angel at the Gate, and as the bar was removed, entering Paradise, with ecstatic exclamation—

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done,
The Gates are passed and Heaven is won."

C. M.

The Value of Words

"Words are mighty; words are living
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding 'round us
With heaven's light upon their wings."

Words with all their imperfections are wonderful things and are said to express our ideas in the same degree as a photograph in black and white portrays nature in her beautiful and multifarious color shadings.

When we hear a word the mind at once reverts to a likeness of some former mental concept. It is almost impossible to express this concept exactly as we see it and when trying to do so we find that our words convey either too much or too little.

One writer says: "Words sob like litanies, sing like larks, sigh like zephyrs, roar like seas; flash like the stars of the frosty sky; or melt tenderly like Love's tear-filled eyes." Regarding the power of words, he goes on to say: "There are words that crush like the battle-axe of Richard, or cut like the scimitar of Saladin; words that sting like a serpent's fangs, or soothe like a mother's kiss; words that can unveil the nether depths of hell or paint the heavenly heights of purity and peace; words that can recall a Judas; words that can reveal the Christ."

But there are times when emotion lies too deep for words and the inarticulate moan of grief or the wild outcry of joy is more expressive of the feeling current in the soul than the most powerful flow of words.

Nor is the man of many words the one who has the greatest power of thought.

Southey has appropriately said: "It is with words as with sunbeams,—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn." The encomiums that have been written on the little words "yes" and "no" fill the heart of a student with joy and delight.

Strange, indeed, is the potency of small words. The Bible abounds in beautiful and sublime passages, composed almost solely of monosyllables. For example, "If any man will come after me let him take up his cross and follow me." Also, in the beautiful, simple narration, by Saint Luke of the raising of the widow's son to life; "Whom when the Lord had seen, being moved with mercy toward her, he said to her: "Weep not." And he came near and touched the bier. And they that carried it stood still. And he said: "Young man, I say to thee, arise." And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother."

All the treasures of knowledge, art, science and literature are preserved to us through the medium of words. The powers of reflections and reason, the rendering of our judgments, all ability to move the minds and hearts of men are centered in the use of words. For

> "Words are things; and a small drop of ink
> Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think."
>
> E. M.

The Legion of the Robes

Who has not heard the story of St. Elizabeth of Thuruigia and her wonderful burden of roses. Well might the gifted Montalemhert wield his pen i nbehalf of this dear, sweet Saint.

But a still more beautiful and attractive little legend is related of how one day she was seated in her quiet latticed room in company with her best beloved maid Ysentrude.

The pure light of the balmy spring-time flooded the ancient casement and illumined the noble beauty of the lady's face.

She was simply clad, as usual in a russet robe not unlike that worn by the peasantry for whom she cared with tender solicitude.

On this particular day, she was sewing a beggar's cloak and humming an old Hungarian hymn, when a deep step pulsed through the hall and a manly form was framed in the doorway. Duke Louis stood smiling upon his spouse very tenderly, yet not without a trace of anxiety. Elizabeth arose and coming towards him looked at him fondly yet questioningly, as if in anticipation of some grave request.

"Why, dear one, what ill fortune has overtaken you that you look so sad," the lady asked.

"Elizabeth, four envoys are here from your father's court and crave an audience with you, and we are in duty bound to show them proper courtesy.

"What will you do? You know how in your zeal for God's precious poor you spend so large a share of all you have, that the gems and royal robes becoming your ducal dignity have disappeared. I do not chide you, fair one, for no costly raiment could enhance your beauty in my eyes, but it is meet that giving audience to these legates, you should be decked in queen's attire. But, alas, too well do I know that you have nothing but

these poor woolen robes, with which should you appear it would only serve for gossip. For these men, unmindful of your zeal in charity, would spread around how Louis of Thuruigia keeps his bride dressed like a peasant dame."

Elizabeth listened in respectful silence, then lightly resting her snowy hand upon his arm she said:

"Do not fret, my Louis, but trust in God, Our noble guests are weary with long travel. Go to them and bid them welcome to Thuringia halls. And when the feast is spread, I, too, shall come."

A heavenly light seemed to encircle her brow as she spoke, and then she smiled so gloriously upon him that he felt almost overawed. He turned away revolving her words in his mind.

Elizabeth knelt down, clasped her hands and gazed at the image on the wall, praying:

"O my Crucified Lord, for Thy pure love I have despoiled myself of royal robes and cast away the vanity of gems. O Best Beloved, in Thy strength and power what canst Thou not do? Behold my poverty, my need, all that I have I've given to Thy poor in Thy Dear Name; Oh, make me pleasing in my husband's eyes!"

Then gathering her maidens around her she descended the stairs to receive her royal guests.

What amazement sprang to their sluggish eyes, what wonder parted their lips on beholding her! Duke Louis folded his arms upon his chest, proudly lifted his head and smiled upon his royal consort, for never had she seemed so beautiful.

Her robe of finest silken sheen flowed in soft folds upon the marble floor. Clasped at her throat with a glimmering pearl, an azure velvet mantle fell gracefully from her shoulders, while from her head confined with diamonds that hid her rich dark locks, a beautiful fleecy veil fell shimmering like misty spray over her blushing cheeks and sparkling clear eyes.

"Sweet wife," whispered the Duke, while her hand lay like a pearl within his manly palm, "Your face it seems does sparkle like the sun, and your rich garment—"

But Lady Elizabeth bowed her forehead, like a lily touched with sleep, as the color surged to her white brow.

"Great is God," she said, "and wonderful are His ways."

The Catholic Church in Maine

Her Early Missionaries.

The conversion of the natives was one of the first questions considered at the Court of Henry IV in connection with the proposed colonies for New France. Special arrangements were made. Father Nicholas Aubry and another priest whose name has not been recorded were sent out with the first expedition in 1604; but little or no success seemed to have followed their efforts, for their time was largely spent in useless controversies with the Calvinists, and finally discouraged with the difficulties of the situation, Father Aubry on the death of his companion, returned to France in the fall of 1606.

It was now the intention of Henry IV to entrust all missionary work in New France to the care of the Society of Jesus, for which purpose he made application through his confessor, Father Coton to the Jesuit Superior General, Father Aquaviva for the appointment of two members of the society to labor for the conversion of the Indians.

There were many candidates for the position which seemingly held out little else by way of recompense save a life of ceaseless toil and privation. The one chosen as leader in the work was Peter Biard then in the prime of manhood, already schooled in the full perfection of the religious life, and if we may trust the testimony of Marc Lescarbot, one of the best educated men in France.

As a boy his childhood had been spent at Grenoble where he first saw the light of day in 1567. Entering as a novice, the Society of Jesus, June 3, 1583, he filled with distinction important positions in their various colleges, first teaching fourth year classes at Billom in Auvergne from 1586 to 1588, then third year at the same institution, following with the class of Humanities from 1589 to 1591 after which he taught Rhetoric for four years. He entered on his course of Theology in 1596 at the seminary of Avignon where he was ordained priest in 1600.

Father Biard's companion, Ennemond Massé was born at Lyons in 1574. At the early age of 20, he entered the Jesuit noviciate where he soon showed that he had neither the knowledge or the talents of his confrere. Of an impetuous nature, he first learned the lesson of self-control and so well did he succeed by energy and perseverance in this great work that his after years were singularly free of all indications of that passionate nature held in subjection. Active, tireless because of

his robust constitution, he early prepared himself for the privations of a missionary career by his constant penitential austerities, such as frequent fasting, sleeping on a bare plank; even as a child he loved to dwell on the lives of the early Christian anchorets in their desert wilds, imitated their penitential austerities thus gradually acquiring those habits of self-denial so essential for the success of the missionary. Associated with Father Coton in his duties at the French Court, he found few attractions among the courtiers of Henry IV, so that finally tired with a situation little suited to his austere tastes, he made as was perfectly legitimate an application to his superior to be allowed to devote his life to the conversion of the savages in New France.

Though selected early in 1608 it was only in January, 1611, as we have seen that our good fathers were permitted to embark for the new world. Biencourt and his associates did not want the Jesuits to locate in their colony. From the very first mention of their going, they sought by every possible means to delay and prevent by one pretext or another their departure. They even brought to America another priest, Fr. Jesse Fléché to hasten the work of conversions that there might be no reason for the Jesuits going, but in vain, for Marie de Medicis who had in the mean time succeeded Henry IV as regent insisted on the dead king's wishes being carried out, so that Fathers Biard and Massé were finally enabled to sail from France in a vessel most appropriately named "The Grace of God." It was on the auspicious day of Pentecost 1611 that they arrived at Port Royal where like the Apostles of old, they immediately began to labor for the conversion of the heathen.

First to learn the language of the savages: Father Biard took as a companion a young Indian boy, became his servant, performing for him the most menial offices in order that he might learn from him something of the Indian dialect. Father Massé that he might quickly perfect himself went to live in the family of Louis Membertou, the eldest son of the aged Sagamore, Membertou. His noviciate was not a pleasant one. For a while things went well; but the scanty fare, the smoky atmosphere of the cabins, the constant changing, sleeping on the ground, the deafening cries of the women and children, constant application to their language, and the labors of his apostolic ministry so shattered the vigorous constitution of Father Massé that from being a robust man he become more like a skeleton. His condition seemed desperate. Fearful, Louis Membertou, said to him one day, "Listen, Father, you are surely going to die; write therefore to Biencourt and your brother concerning your condition, that they may not think that we have killed you." "I shall be careful," replied Father Massé, "for after having written, you might kill me, then take my letter and go and prove

your innocence." "Well then," replied the young savage, "pray Jesus not to die, lest they may accuse me of having killed you." "That is just what I do," said Father Massé, "have no fear for I shall not die."

Nevertheless after several months absence says Father Biard, he returned to Port Royal, emaciated, more dead than living, yet happy in having suffered much for the name of Jesus Christ and having been instrumental in the salvation of several souls. Thus the two Jesuit Fathers spent their days about Port Royal. So filled were they with zeal for the salvation of souls, so constantly occupied in the work of the ministry, that their life though in the midst of privations, could hardly be called irksome.

Having sufficiently mastered the Indian language, they journeyed through the forests; they sailed along the coasts, everywhere seeking out both the Indians and those of their own people with the result that they came to know the country and to be known by the savages. "Whenever and wherever we could do so," says Father Biard in one of his letters, "we offered the priceless host to the Omnipotent God, so that the altar might be as a seat dedicated to the Saviour of men, whence he should begin to extend his dominion among this people, while their own hobgoblin tyrants are stricken with terror and driven from their ursupation. The savages have often been present, always profoundly silent and reverent." How many of these rude altars were erected along the Maine coast, or along her river banks, or under some sheltered tree in the depths of her virgin forest, from the moment of their arrival in the summer of 1611 to that of their departure in the fall of 1613 as English prisoners, we know not. Nevertheless we may be certain that they lost not a single opportunity of learning the ways of the children of nature and of bringing our holy faith before them, hence whether studying their habits or offering the eternal sacrifices, one purpose of the missionary was the native's conversion.

Apart from the debt which we owe them for their missionary labors in the new world, to Father Biard more than any other man of this epoch are we indebted for the vast fund of information which his letters and writings contain on the life, manners, and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants of our State. "The Jesuits," says the late editor of the Relations, "performed a great service to mankind in publishing their annals, which are, for historian, geographer, and ethnologist, among our first and best authorities."

With the destruction of Saint Sauveur, the Jesuit Fathers, Biard, Massé and Quentin, eventually returned as we have seen to France where Fr. Biard again took up the work of teaching scholastic theology at Lyons. After a while spent in this work, he was assigned for mission duty in the south of France and was

finally appointed a chaplain in the Royal army, where he remained until worn out in body but rich in merit and noble works, he went to his eternal reward, at Avignon, November 19, 1622.

In reviewing Father Biard's career as a scholar and a missionary, we find the accusation lodged against him by many Protestant historians of note as well as some Catholics that he was a traitor to the cause of his countrymen in as much as he showed the English colonists the way to Port Royal. We do not think that the accusation is well founded. In the first place, we might ask, did Argall need this information? Long before he had met Biard, the destruction of Port Royal was decreed and he was as we have seen on his way to accomplish this fact when he chanced to learn of the presence of a colony at Mount Desert, so that had he not put in at Saint Sauveur, Port Royal would have been destroyed early in the summer of 1613.

Even supposing that he asked the information from Father Biard, have we any proof that he gave or was even able to give the desired direction or courses leading to Port Royal? His sole experience as a sailor was his passage to America and his trips along the New England or Maine coast. There is nothing in his make up that would lead us to believe that he was skilled as a navigator. Besides while he states in letters that the information was asked of him, he is very precise in denying that he gave it. The fact that Argall was rather inclined to be friendly with him would indicate that he wished to use him, but would in no wise prove that he was able to do so.

His enemies seem to base their accusations against him on the ground of his apparent friendship with the English leader as well as on the fact that he was at emnity with the Port Royal Colonists. We see no difficulty in granting both as well established. He did not like the people at Port Royal; there was no reason why he should; his entire stay there was embittered by constant trouble with Biencourt and his advisers because of their well known hostility to his society, evident before he left France. It is far more natural, we think, to suppose that while he had reasonable grounds for resentment because of the treatment accorded him, he would remember that they were his countrymen, and that his action however justifiable would render him odious at home. We must remember that these were the days of religious controversy, days when the fires of religious hatred burned brightly, and that an accusation of this nature could consequently be easily made and given credence by writers like Lescarbot and others.

Father Biard did not permit the accusation of Marc Lescarbot to pass unanswered. In his admirable letter written in elegant Latin, to his Superior General from Lyons in 1616, he gives a clear and simple report of all the important doings at Port Royal and Saint Sauveur from 1610 to 1614, the careful reading of

which leaves no ground on which to base the false accusation of Lescarbot.

Moreover no one well read in the events of those trying days will question the veracity or honesty of Samuel Champlain who as an eye witness and a historian is universally admitted by all to have been absolutely impartial. When he speaks of the missionaries sent to Port Royal, he seems at a loss to sufficiently express their praises or to extol their merits. In the history of his voyages, he devotes Chapter 1st of Vol. III to a review of Father Biard's relations, in which he places their author first among the members of the Company of Jesus at Port Royal and Saint Sauveur.

The fact of his again taking up his avocation of teaching in France, his after missionary career, his chaplaincy in the French army, all tend to prove that the accusations raised against him were considered groundless by the great majority of his people who held that Peter Biard was ever loyal to the cause of religion and his countrymen.

As Father Quentin's stay on American soil was too brief to admit of his taking any prominent part in the stirring affairs of 1613, we will simply state that this devoted member of the Society of Jesus was born at Abbeville, France, in the month of February, 1572. He entered the Jesuit society at the close of his course in theology June 30, 1604. As today, so it was then customary for the Jesuits to give the younger members of their society abundant practice in the different classes of their various institutions, hence Father Quentin at the close of his novitiate was duly named teacher of Syntax in the Jesuit college of Bourges for the year 1606-1607. The following year he taught Method in the same institution. In 1608 and 1609 he had charge of a similar class at Rouen. At the close of the scholastic year of 1609 he was named treasurer of the college at Eu where he remained until his departure for America in 1613. On his return to France after the destruction of Saint Sauveur, he was assigned for missionary work in his own country where he remained until his death which took place April 18, 1657.

After a stay of twelve years in France, Father Massé again set out for New France, arriving at Quebec, June 19, 1625. But the capture of the place four years later by the English obliged him to return to his native land where he remained until 1633 when he was permitted to seek anew the Canadian missions, to begin that after a career of thirteen years of self-denial and apostolic abnegation, until in the fullness of his charities, borne down by the weight of years, death came to him within the sheltering walls of Sillery, May 12, 1646, the very year that his work among the Indians of Maine was about to be taken up and renewed by the Society of Jesus through the ministration of Father Druillette.

Father Massé was buried in the old mission chapel at Sillery. Here his remains rested in their unmarked grave for more than two centuries, until in 1870, Fathers Laverdiere and Casgrain in the course of some excavations which they were making in the ancient chapel, discovered in a side chapel on the Gospel side of the altar, the sepluchre containing the bones and ashes of the heroic missionary.

The solitude of two hundred years was now broken, and on the twelfth of June of the same year, 1870, public recognition was at last accorded Father Massé. Thanks to the initiative of Fathers Laverdiere and Casgrain, a humble monument, yet noble in its simplicity was this day erected over his grave.

A cut stone base resting on three cut stone steps surmounted by a white marble cross some twenty feet high. Each side of the granite base holds an inlaid marble tablet, one of which bears the following inscription:

The People of Sillery,
Have erected this monument
To the Memory
Of Father Ennemond Massé, S. J.
First Missionary to Canada
Buried in 1646
In St. Michael's Church
St. Joseph's Home
At Sillery.

Here today rests the mortal remains of Maine's sainted apostle; here they are held in reverence and frequently visited by many tourists to old Quebec, and with reason for when we consider the piety and zeal, the oneness of purpose which shines out through the entire lives of Biard and Massé, we feel that we may truly say that the Church in Maine was especially blessed in her first pioneer Christian teachers and that the beautiful words of the Protestant poet though written for others equally renowned may nevertheless be fitly applied to them.

From death to rescue dying men they came,
. . . . . Their blessed word
The naked red man with obedience heard,
Received the Holy Cross and learned the name
Of Christ the Lord.

A good start was given the Paulist Fathers recently in Chicago, on the occasion of their annual fair held for the purpose of liquidating the debt on their church. The first ticket issued was purchased by that peerless singer of Irish airs, Chauncey Olcott, who paid the magnificent sum of $1,000 for it.

Obituary

The death of Patrick Houlihan at his residence, 46 Fern St., Bangor, Wednesday morning, following a long illness, marks the passing of an old and valued member of St. John's Catholic Parish. Born in the parish of Dingle, County Kerry, Ireland, in 1828, Mr. Houlihan came to Bangor in 1851 where he has since resided. A residence of 62 years in St. John's parish gave to Mr. Houlihan an experience enjoyed by few, for he saw and took an active part in its growth from a struggling hand full of Catholics to its flourishing condition of today.

To his generous coöperation as well as that of many another faithful child of the church, does St. John's owe her present prosperity, for after all it is only the constant and loyal support of Christian men like the departed, that has enabled the accumulation of church property sufficient to meet all demands.

Marrying early in life, Mr. Houlihan was given the privilege of celebrating the golden milestone of his married life, a favor attained by few. This happy event took place two years ago, the celebration being held on the anniversary of his marriage, January 8, 1912.

On this occasion Mr. and Mrs. Houlihan again came to their parish church and renewed the promises so faithfully kept for fifty years and received the bread of life from the hand of their priestly son, the Rev. John W. Houlihan, pastor of St. John's church, Deering, Me.

At the close of Mass, their immediate friends, together with many members of the Diocesan Clergy accompanied them to their home where after partaking of their hospitality, many friendly and heartfelt wishes were bestowed by the parting guests on the venerable jubilarians, wishing them continued years of usefulness, peace and quiet as they approached the evening of their days.

Besides his many friends, Mr .Houlihan, like the majority of his race, leaves a large family to mourn his departure, but yet to rejoice in his exemplary Christian life.

To console his devoted wife, Mr. Houlihan leaves two priestly sons, worthy members of the Portland Diocesan Clergy, the Rev. John W. Houlihan, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Portland, and the Rev. Timothy H. Houlihan, Rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Me.

His remaining children are P. H. Houlihan, proprietor of the Orono Drug Co., Orono, Me., J. E. Houlihan, proprietor of

Houlihan's Pharmacy, Bangor, Mrs. Mary Ross, Miss Nellie and Annie Houlihan, another daughter Miss Agnes having died several years ago. Mr. Houlihan's closing days were gladened by the presence of his children and grandchildren, five in number, all of whom by constant care and loving kindness sought to lighten as far as possible his last earthly sufferings.

His funeral services took place from St. John's Church, Bangor, Friday morning, Dec. 12, at 9 o'clock. Many members of the diocesan clergy, his sorrowing family and a large concourse of his fellow parishoners were in attendance, all uniting in praying Almighty God to accord to his departed servant that favor for which he had so faithfully labored during his many years, and to which he always fondly aspired, Eternal Happiness.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year! The slowly rising sun
Proclaims long days of toil not yet begun,
Some glad, some drear.
We fain would pass it o'er, for rest is sweet,
But we must live and living learn to greet
Another year!

Another year! We venture forth not knowing
Whether before its close we may be going
Far, far from here—
Into that distant land where we forget
The weariness and cares that once beset
Another year!

Another year! Each day with rustling wings
Brings with it prayer and sense of holy things
Unto us here;
For God will pardon work so feebly done,
And at life's close will give each faithful one
Another year!

(Carmenella.)

Historical and Magazine Notes

To the readers of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine we can extend no more fitting, no more sincere wishes than that their lives may be filled with the spirit of Christmas—the true Catholic spirit; the spirit of charity, pure and holy; the spirit of generosity and sacrifice; a life-giving spirit, gladsome and soothing; the spirit of courage, rolling away the boulders of difficulty from life's path; the spirit of undimmed vision, rising far above the toils and trials of this earthly strife; the spirit of peace crowned with the divine blessing.

The corner stone of the new Kendrick Seminary for the education of the clergy, will be laid at Glennon Park, St. Louis. Thanksgiving day by His Grace, Archbishop Glennon whose illustrious predecessors in the Archiepiscopal See of St. Louis, Archbishops Kendrick and Kain made the accumulation of funds for the erection of a diocesan Seminary a part of their life work. The cost of the institution when completed will be more than one million dollars.

One of Raphael's works, "Madonna and Child" said to have been the last painted by the master hand in 1505, has recently been purchased by an American at a price said to be over $500,000. For a long time it was among the treasures of the late Earl of Cowper and hence is known as the Cowper Madonna. In the picture the Virgin is portrayed as wearing a red tunic cut square over the breast and a blue mantle. The Divine Child has one foot resting on his mother's left hand with his arms around her neck. The dimensions of the canvas are only 23 by 17 inches.

For some days past a great money raising campaign has been on in Cleveland, Ohio, for the benefit of the Sisters of Charity Hospital in that city. The sum desired is $250,000. On Thursday, Dec. 4th, about one-half of the amount had already been raised, since which date, we note that John D. Rockefeller has added a personal gift of $25,000. Protestants and Catholics

are alike interested in the work, and there seems little doubt but what the object of the undertaking will be attained. Among the incidents connected with the work, we note the experience of Mr. F. H. Goff, president of the Cleveland Trust Co. While being shown over the hospital by one of the sisters, he asked her what she got for her services. "Nothing," replied the Sister. "Then," said Mr. Goff, "the only result of this campaign is that you will be able to do more work for which you Sisters get nothing, is that it?" "That is it," replied the Sister quietly.

A two weeks mission given by the Vincentian Fathers—Walsh, Judge and Rosensteel of Springfield, Mass., closed in St. Mary's Parish, Bangor, Me., Sunday evening, Nov. 23rd. The first week was for the women and the second for the men and proved the most successful ever held in the church. The eloquence of the preachers was marked and made a deep impression on all. Large numbers attended the early morning and evening services and hundreds received Holy Communion during the two weeks' time.

While the mission closed Sunday a high mass of requiem was offered up on Monday morning at 5 o'clock for the souls of the deceased members of the parish and all those was made the mission attended and received Holy Communion. A Holy Name Society for the men was also organized and a large number gave their names in to belong.

We are pleased to quote the following well merited appreciation on the life and work of one of our Maine poets from "The Monitor," San Francisco, Cal. Under date of Nov. 29th, Mrs. S. M. O'Malley in her ably edited Column "Under the Library Lamp," has this to say: "December 2 is the seventy-second birthday of the New England poetess, Caroline D. Swan, so I have just learned, though I find it a difficult thing to believe, Miss Swan has been so youthful and vigorous in all her work. Those who read her beautiful book, 'The Unfading Light,' will be surprised to know that its author is not a woman young in years. Surely years do not count! It is the heart that tells the age; and the heart of Caroline Swan is the heart of youth itself. She is one of our most finished writers. The fine colors of the artist glow and flash in her poetry. It is like a pure and clear stream, a deeply flowing stream, that reflects the rainbowed prismatics of morning that radiates 'The Unfading Light;' and though it may know no turblent rapids, it sings with a pure steady tone, "Ad Multos Annos." May this chaste and gifted songster long remain to sing to us!"

The closing week in November witnessed the celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of the venerable Bishop of Detroit, Mich., the Rt. Rev. John S. Foley, D. D. Bishop Foley comes from an old and honorable Maryland family which has given two of its sons to the Episcopate of our country, the present jubilarian, and his brother, the late Thomas Foley, Bishop of Chicago. Owing to his advanced age and his retiring disposition, Bishop Foley permitted only a quiet or purely local and family celebration. Nevertheless his priests and devoted laity made it the occasion of giving renewed evidences of their filial affection, for the chief pastor of the Diocese of Detroit.

Another celebration necessarily more notable because of the prominence of the man was that of the golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Most Rev. John L. Spaulding, Titular Archbishop of Scitopolis and former Bishop of Peoria, Ill.

Apart from his reputation as a churchmaan, Archbishop Spaulding has more than a national reputation as a writer and friend of Christian education, being regarded as the greatest living American essayist, a gift so notable in the career of his illustrious uncle, Archbishop Spaulding of Baltimore, who was largely responsible for his early education. Archbishop John L. Spaulding was born in Lebanon, Ky., and made his studies for the priesthood in Rome and at Louvain University. He was ordained priest at Mechlin in Belgium, Dec. 19, 1869. He was consecrated Bishop of Peoria May 1, 1877 by Cardinal McCluskey of New York. He remained in charge of this See until increasing infirmaties obliged him to resign Sept. 11, 1908. Bishop Spaulding will be remembered in history of the Catholic University at Washington as one of the prime movers in its establishment, being prepared, should the Holy Father so will, to resign his diocese and make the founding of the Catholic University the closing work of his career.

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis who preached on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee in closing said: "Archbishop Spaulding, I might say that in what you have spoken, what you have written and done you have achieved undying fame. I will say however what is sweeter and truer—by your priestly consecration you have already entered among the 'Immortals.' Hail then to our jubilarian, our high priest of fifty years—may the great High Priest have you always in His most holy keeping."

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Magazine Vol.I

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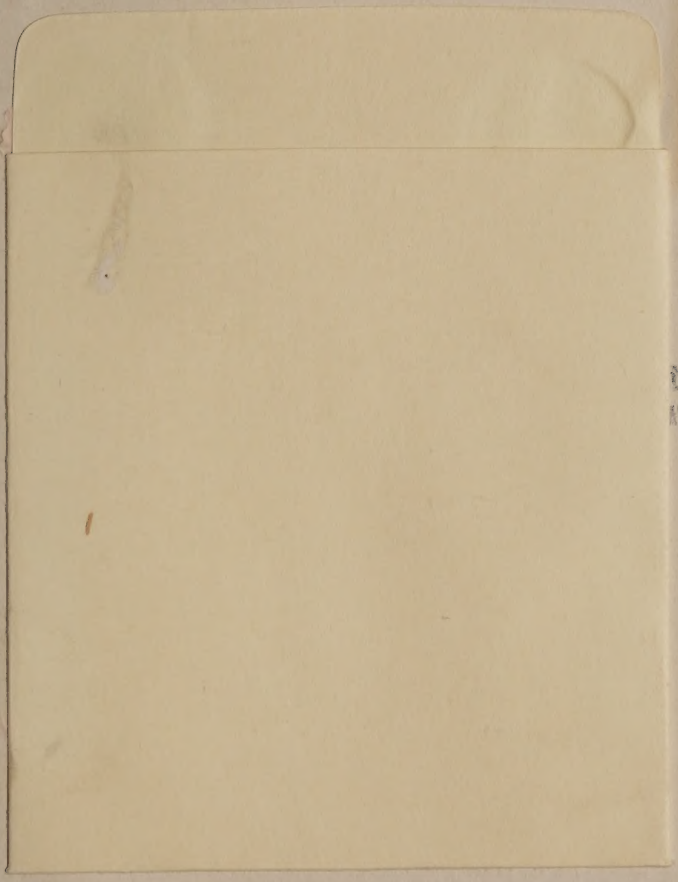

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